COUNTRY LIFE

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MRS. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE Journal for all interested in Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE WORST LANDLORD.

"I AM now under the worst landlord." So spoke a well known agriculturist the other day, using a tone between jest and earnest. After many years of successful work as a tenant farmer he had been able to purchase a holding of his own, and he went on to explain that the worst landlord was himself. He found it difficult, nay, almost impossible, to make a profit out of land at the present prices of produce if he had to provide landlord's capital as well as working capital. He went on to tell some of the things he had done in the way of providing necessary outbuildings, fences, drains and so on. The words carried a great deal of meaning to the hearer, because we recently have had occasion to look into the affairs of several men who were highly successful up to a certain point, but when they became landowners found it extremely difficult to make both ends meet. In one case the man was thriving; but this was on account of a business that he had independent of his farm. He was one of the few agriculturists who pay very great attention to book-keeping and he had not the slightest hesitation in showing his books. This a struggling owner could not afford to do, because the harder his struggle the more he depends on credit, and credit is not easily obtained by a man who lets it be known that he is losing. The books to which we have referred showed no extravagance of any kind, nothing, in fact, except what was necessary for the effective working of the holding. Three or four cottages had been built; but they were let at rents which gave a small but real interest on the capital expenditure. Some timber had been cleared away, but the result was a considerable profit. There was a demand for wood in the district, and everything cut was sold where it lay, so there was no loss on that transaction. It had cost him about two thousand pounds for building and repairs. The steading had originally been very badly supplied with cattle sheds and yards, and these had to be made. In fact, everything about the farm had, as occurs in so many cases, been neglected by a man who was struggling on from year to year without making a satisfactory profit.

All this involved expenditure; but it was placed in his books simply as capital. The loss occurred in the actual work of cultivation. One disadvantage of the farm is that it lies rather more than three miles from a railway station and about six miles from a market town. This means a considerable outlay in carting or otherwise transmitting goods. Not only is actual expense involved, but there is also the time of the men, who, if not engaged in such tasks, would be doing remunerative work on the farm. He reckoned that this carting diminished to the vanishing point his profit on many branches of his industry, although, of course, opinions of this kind are more or less guesswork. He got a much lower price for his hay last year, although this particular article was sold in bulk as it stood, and was carried away by the carts of the purchaser at his convenience. He attributed the fall in price in part to the fact that the buyer considered it would not pay him to give a high price and also cart such a long distance. But then hay was an extremely bountiful crop last year and the price could not be expected to keep at the high level it attained in the last days of 1912 and the beginning of 1913. This particular cultivator's chief loss had been in potatoes. These roots very often prove the most valuable crop on a farm; but last year was an exception to the rule. The cultivation of potatoes is an expensive business. It not only involves a very large amount of ploughing and drilling, but if the land is to do well at all, it offers an opportunity of cleaning which should not be missed. Thus labour and expense are incurred which, added to the manure, make a large return imperative if the cultivation is to be profitable. The custom of this farmer is to give twenty tons of manure an acre for potatoes. It is town manure brought down in trucks to the railway station and costs about half-a-crown at the place from which it is sent and half-a-crown for carriage to the station, to which must be added an additional sum for carting to the farm.

Even at cost price this could not be less than one shilling and sixpence, so that the manure cost six shillings and sixpence a ton on the farm. At the rate of twenty tons to an acre this meant an expenditure of six pounds ten shillings. Of course a really good potato crop repays cultivation, but if it fails the loss is correspondingly heavy. In this case a man was cultivating with plenty of capital and, it must be added, with great intelligence and industry as well. But it was impossible to say that he was making a comfortable income, or even a livelihood, from his operations. There was a margin, but it did not amount to three per cent. on the capital sunk. Thus it sustained the argument of the man who said he was under the worst landlord—himself. Far better would it have been for him to be tenant at one of the modern rentals common on an estate where the land owner provides the necessary amount of capital expenditure.

OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION

OUR portrait illustration is of Mrs. Austen Chamberlain. Mrs. Austen Chamberlain is a daughter of the late Col. H. L. Dundas and was married to the Right Hon. Joseph Austen Chamberlain, M.P., in 1906.

**** *It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of* COUNTRY LIFE *be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.*



COUNTRY NOTES

As might have been expected, the article on military riding in last week's number, illustrated with photographs sent by the Crown Prince of Germany, has evoked a great deal of comment. It takes two forms. Our soldiers, as a rule, do not admire what we call the show or exhibition kind of riding, and hence the pictures of leaping are not so much admired as they might have been. On the other hand, Major Nickisson, whose letter we publish in another column, expresses very widely held opinions when he holds up the German cavalry as a model to Europe, and praises the thoroughness with which riding is taught; the care taken in purchasing, training and conditioning horses; and the businesslike way in which everything is done. These are points on which Great Britain ought not to be too proud to take lessons from her neighbour. Major Nickisson very properly says that we have the best material in the world to work upon, but are lacking in enthusiasm and organisation. Better remounts are needed for our cavalry and far more attention should be devoted to the riding both of officers and men. We do not mean jumping or circus riding, but the riding that would be of real value in a campaign.

Close upon the sale of the Duke of Bedford's Covent Garden Estate comes the news that a great portion of the Duke of Sutherland's Scottish property will be put up to auction in October. This will be a very important sale, involving as it does the disposal of about 375,000 acres. If there is anything solid in the suggestions of those who think such land could be reclaimed and made suitable for small holdings or otherwise cultivated, the opportunity of acquiring a tract or tracts of land for the experiment will be unique. When land is disposed of by public auction there is no room for assuming that the owner has put an immoderate or fancy price upon it. Its value will be determined by the competition of the bidders. Looking at the matter impartially, it does not seem at all probable that under the circumstances anyone will be willing to pay extravagantly for a huge quantity of this land in order to devote it to purposes of sport.

In regard to the break up of estates, of which the sale of the Duke of Sutherland's property is a momentous incident, an illuminating address was given by Mr. Edwin Savill the other night to the Surveyors. It arose out of a paper read at the previous meeting by Mr. Christopher Turnor. Mr. Savill combated the prevalent idea that landlords are selling their properties because of the enhanced price of land. By referring to the "Estates Exchange Register," he got out some very instructive figures. For instance, in 1875, when things were at their best, the average price realised at auction for agricultural land was £47 per acre. By 1900, the price had gone down to £23 per acre; while last year the average had only risen to £25 per acre. Clearly, landowners are not likely to have been influenced because of this very slight increase in the price of land. On the other hand, business during the last year has been uncommonly good, and it is possible that some of those who sold were induced to do so by the knowledge that they could obtain a better return from a mercantile investment. It is greatly to be deplored that attempts should be made to get up a prejudice against landowners as a class. They ask in the shape of rent a far less return on their capital than is demanded by the owners of other property such as mills, mines or factories.

Among the many splendid acts of heroism that have been performed on the remote borders of the Empire by natives, the conduct of the Abyssinian orderlies who carried Lieutenant Lloyd Jones a distance of five hundred miles to Nairobi deserves a place among the most remarkable. This officer had gone with fifty of the King's African Rifles to stop some raiding that was taking place on the Abyssinian Border. He was shot through both legs, and after the Political Officer had done all that was possible with his limited resources, the wounded man was left in charge of two Abyssinian orderlies who had stuck to their leader throughout. To add to the horror of the situation tetanus set in, and during the march back a couple of rhinoceroses charged the wounded officer's stretcher, and were within thirty yards of it when the two orderlies managed to turn them off. Forty-three days did these devoted men carry their burden on a stretcher, and brought him alive to the new hospital at Nairobi. Reuter's message says that the doctor regarded his arrival there as miraculous. The two orderlies, though their patient valour was of a different kind, deserve a place in the book of fame beside that famous escort of the Guides which, after the murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari at Cabul in 1879, held out as long as they could against the savage Afghans and finally

> They dressed their slender line; they breathed deep,
> And with never a foot lagging or head bent,
> To the clash and clamour and dust of death they went.

BROKEN IN.

Perhaps, dear Earth, if I am good
And lie quite still against thy breast,
Unclench my hands and meekly rest,
One day, you may in softer mood
Unloose the arms around me prest—
In wind-blown ashes let me pass
Or be the green abiding grass. A. H. D.

Many people will hear with a certain amount of alarm that the new style farmer is threatening to clear away the hedges and hedgerow timber from the lovely lanes of England. It is not very easy to sift the real from the unreal in the arguments put forward. One point not to be lost sight of is that during the long depression hedges and fences were most thoroughly neglected in the South of England. Only a fortnight ago we published an article telling how a new farming owner in Norfolk had to cut down hedges that had been allowed to grow to a height of ten or twelve feet. In other places, where height has not been attained, they have been allowed to ramble for yards over the fields. They have done this, no doubt, in a most picturesque manner, as honeysuckle, wild rose, bramble and a million weeds have all rioted together to make that profuse confusion which is dear to the landscape lover. In the case referred to, the hedges were merely put in order, and will look more beautiful two years hence than they ever did before. In other cases there has been a terrific cutting down of trees.

As far as the country round London is concerned, we do not believe that the process will go very far. During last autumn the writer of this note was accidentally witness of a scene which is probably typical of many others that have taken place. There were two new owners talking about their land, while a great admirer of the English lanes listened aghast. One (who had been in possession for a couple of years) was boasting of the number of trees he had cut down. Thieves of the land, he called them, they had sucked the nourishment from his fields, darkened the lanes and kept them moist, produced damp in his house, and sheltered his enemies. The other chimed in, as he glanced at the fine grove of elms that shrouded his pretty Elizabethan farmhouse from view, that he also would have these fellows down; there would not be a tree on his land after he had obtained full possession. Into the argument a fourth person presently entered—a thin-lipped, mean-eyed, shrewd, hard sort of half-gentleman kind of person. He said: "If I owned this land, I would never cut down a single tree. I have had a great deal to do with selling land to people who come from the towns seeking a country residence; and I can tell you it is a lot easier to make a good bargain if there are trees than if there are none." Now, the man who was going to level them all—a shrewd British yeoman—he had gone so far as to

have those that were doomed marked with chalk. Nevertheless they are still standing. An effective appeal has been made to his guiding passion. To remove the trees and hedgerows would be to ruin his market with the best type of buyer.

At the annual general meeting of the Fellows of the Royal Horticultural Society, held a few weeks ago, it was decided to develop the scientific department at Wisley, and the council were empowered to devote a portion of the surplus funds to that object. On Tuesday last the council appointed Professor Keeble of University College, Reading, to the office of director, his duties to include the general guidance and supervision of the trials, teaching and research. It is satisfactory to learn that Mr. F. J. Chittenden will remain in charge of the educational section, where he has already done valuable work, and that Mr. S. T. Wright will still act as superintendent of the practical side of the gardens. At the annual meeting Fellows were assured by members of the council that the scientific investigations at Wisley would not be allowed to outweigh or eclipse the practical work, or overlap the scientific researches that are being conducted at other establishments in various parts of the country. It is important to the welfare of Wisley and the society generally that this promise should be carried into effect.

On Tuesday night the Rev. J. Jacob opened a discussion at the Horticultural Club on a subject that possesses very general interest. His theme was the desirability of having a show of forced bulbs every year. At first blush popularising the forcing of tulips does not recommend itself; but Mr. Jacob made out an excellent case. He said very truly that the old idea of planting tulips in formal beds was considered too stiff by the gardeners of our very informal time, and that, for purposes of decoration, about two or three tulips in a pot were much more convenient. We need not recount here the fact that Mr. Jacob is steeped in the lore of bulbs, and the fulness of his knowledge and the evidence of his wide practical experience lent a very great charm to his discourse, which was listened to, among others, by a large number of eminent Dutch growers. We have specifically referred to the tulip; but on the daffodil and hyacinth he had much to say that was equally fascinating. His lecture, in fact, was a delightful one, and must conduce to the intelligent choice and cultivation of spring bulbs.

The world has suffered a very considerable loss by the death of Mr. Townsend Martin, a brother of the late Mr. Bradley Martin, who died quite recently. Mr. Townsend Martin was one of the rich men in his day who earned respect not only for himself, but for the class to which he belonged. His life was no idle one, for he was engrossed in schemes for the benefit of those who were not so well off as he was himself, and his gospel was that of Thomas Carlyle—*laborare est orare* (to labour is to pray). He recognised that in our time "Neither wealth nor high birth alone have the value of former times. It is the man who acts and creates; he is the leader of modern times." These are words quoted from an interview of last year's date. On the same occasion he quoted with approval a famous millionaire's reply when asked what he was going to do with his boy of ten years: "I have only one plan—that is, to make him work." This was said twenty-five years ago, before modern thought on the subject had begun to become articulate.

To the surprise of all who are interested in billiards, Gray was defeated in the very first of the championship matches, so that the contest is now confined to the three well known players—Inman, the present champion; Stevenson, ex-champion; and Reece. The cause of Gray's defeat is not very easily understood. It can scarcely be attributed to the ivory balls, because he has made many a long run of hazards with these balls. A simple explanation may be found in his youth. After all, he is little more than a boy, and a championship contest may well have made demands on his nerves. Only on one afternoon during the course of his match with Reece did he show anything like his usual form. Although the championship is robbed of some of its interest by his being knocked out so soon, the public will follow the play with very great attention. There is a general faith in Stevenson's excellence; but, unfortunately, he has not been playing with consistency for some time back, as his position in the tournament shows. Reece is a wayward genius, and Inman a "sticker." So that the final battle is likely to be the old one between brilliance and painstaking determination.

A prosecution, last week, on behalf of the Fishmongers' Company, may serve a useful purpose in enlightening those who go crab-catching, whether as professionals or as amateurs, of the true facts of the law on the matter. The case was brought against certain fishermen and one fish merchant for having in their possession crabs of the edible species which had lately cast their shells. When a crab grows so that his shell, which is not expansive, becomes too tight for him, he casts it from him, and for some time afterwards the new shell, which is forming, is soft. At such seasons the crab is unfit for human food, and is protected by the Fisheries Act of 1877. The offending fishermen and merchant were lightly fined, pleading ignorance of the law, and it was stated that the main purpose of the prosecution was to draw attention to the law. It is worth the notice of all visitors to the seaside who go crab-catching in an amateur fashion. The "soft shell" crab of America is a great delicacy, but he is of quite a distinct species from our edible crab, though ours is also soft shelled when he has lately changed his coat.

THE SHELTER.

If I had land and a house or farm
  This would be my plan,
I would build a barn, small, snug and warm,
  For the poor wayfaring man.

Not too far from the road, nor near,
  But where trees a shelter make;
And over the door, "Take rest and cheer
  Within for Jesu's sake."

When you passed through the door inside
  All should be bright and clean,
With a casement window open wide
  On to the meadows green.

And in the corner a bed of hay,
  Scented and fresh and deep,
Where a weary man his limbs may lay—
  No sweeter bed for sleep!

A great armchair and a pan of delf
  With water for dusty feet,
God's Book and men's books in a little shelf
  And wholesome food to eat.

Bread and meat on an oaken board
  A jug of milk and a bowl;
Above it a cross with Christ the Lord
  Who died for the sinful soul.

So a man might turn from the dusty way
  And rest and take his ease,
And pass again with the dawning day
  Free as the morning breeze.

If ever I have a bit of the sod
  This shall be my plan,
To make a shelter for love of God
  And the poor wayfaring man.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

In the House of Commons on Monday the second reading of the Plumage Bill was passed by an overwhelming majority. If fact, there were only fifteen dissentients in a House of over five hundred Members. The arguments in favour of the measure are indeed overwhelming, and there is only one consideration that weighs against it. This is, that women themselves might achieve the end in view by setting their faces steadily against the wearing of the feathers of birds that had been slain to supply them. There can be no question of the frightful slaughter that takes place annually of the most beautiful birds, such as egrets, humming birds and kingfishers. The fashion of using plumage for decoration is in reality a survival from savage times. Primitive tribes have always been in the habit of sticking feathers in their hats and dress in order to make themselves look gay; but the civilised woman ought to have passed far beyond that stage. Since she has not, it has become necessary to take legislative action for the preservation of beautiful birds; and it is satisfactory to know that practically the whole of the Members of the House of Commons are of the same opinion. The fifteen who voted against the Bill form a very negligible minority.

WILDFOWLING IN THE STATES.

By Lord William Percy.

THE conditions under which the pursuit of wildfowl is carried on in the United States of America are so entirely different from those which obtain on this side of the Atlantic that some account of the methods of wildfowling in America may not be wholly without interest to wildfowlers here. The disparity in conditions is due to very many causes, but the statement of two facts alone will suffice to bring home that difference to any English wildfowler. Firstly, the law all over the United States forbids a gun to be fired at wildfowl before sunrise or after sunset, whereas it would probably be true to say that seven-tenths of the wildfowl killed in the British Isles are killed, if not after dark, at any rate in the grey hours immediately before sun rise or after sunset. Secondly, the use of any form of punt-gun is entirely forbidden, as also is shooting from any kind of mechanically propelled boat.



PUTTING OUT THE DECOYS.

It was not so long ago that a very different state of affairs existed, and probably nowhere in the world have wildfowl been so ruthlessly destroyed as in that same territory where a more enlightened generation is now making such comprehensive efforts at protection. The days when wildfowl were daily destroyed by tens of thousands in such favoured resorts as the Atlantic coast-line to the south of Chesapeake Bay by the aid of the "jack" light and the punt gun and other devices even more wholesale in their character are past. In this generation they have been succeeded by a sudden revulsion of feeling—not unassisted, perhaps, by the realisation of the great economic waste involved in former methods—which has produced a system of protection involving such restrictions on the personal liberty of the shooter as must arouse feelings of amazement in the mind of an Englishman, especially if he reflects that the citizens of the Republic who have enforced these restrictions on themselves are never tired of proclaiming that they live in God's own country—the land of the free.

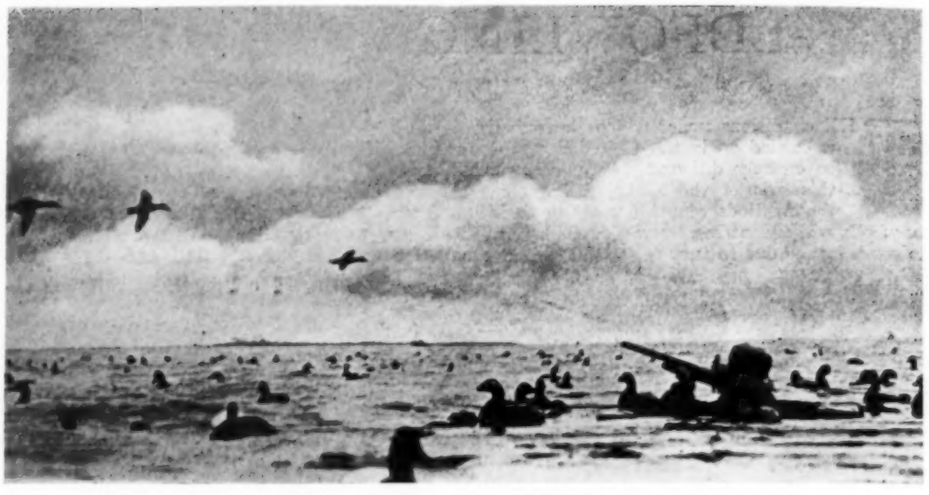


SHOOTING FROM A BATTERY: CANVASBACKS.

It would surprise the average Englishman a good deal if he were told that from henceforth his shooting season should not be longer than eight months, that the working of a decoy, the use of a punt gun, shooting after sunset or before sunrise, the killing of more than twenty-five ducks in a day, or the sale of any English game bird or wildfowl at any season, were each and all forbidden. The last two restrictions require some qualification, for the exact limit allowed per day varies to some extent in different states, and the market for birds is still open in some three or four big towns, but the trade of the market gunner has practically been abolished. Nor is that all, for large tracts of country on some of the main migration routes have been closed to shooting altogether. It is true, of course, that some of the above restrictions are unnecessary and would be ill-suited for adoption in this country, but it may well be that we should do well to take a hint from our American cousins and take some steps in the same direction here before it is too late.

It is becoming increasingly obvious to all who study the question, that unless we are to deny to subsequent generations the advantages which this generation enjoys, it behoves us to see that no greater toll is taken of nature's resources than represents the interest without unduly depreciating the capital from which that interest is derived. It is often argued that much of the wild game of the world must inevitably disappear before the advance of civilisation, but however true that may be of many forms of wild life, it certainly is not true of wildfowl. Not only do they readily lose their instinctive fear of man, and reciprocate in a remarkable degree any protection which is afforded them, but the very nature of the breeding grounds of the vast majority of wildfowl, lying as they do in the more or less uninhabitable portions of the globe, affords the surest guarantee of a continued supply, unless they are to continue to be exposed during their absence from those breeding grounds to absolutely unchecked slaughter at the hand of man, with weapons that yearly give him a more and more unequal superiority. But to return to American wildfowling as it is to-day, and as an example let us take that stretch of coast-line that lies to the south of the entrance of Chesapeake Bay, along the Virginia and Carolina coasts—perhaps the finest natural wildfowl resort in the world. Here for 150 miles a stretch of shallow brackish water, varying in width from one to ten miles or more, is

divided from the ocean by a narrow bar, in places no more than fifty yards wide, while to the landward side lie marshes of varying width and intersected with dense reed beds and water channels. Along the whole of that vast region, conditions of food supply and shelter combine to provide a waterfowl paradise, in which the great majority of varieties of North American wildfowl find somewhere or other an abundance of those requirements which suit their individual tastes. Here, either as temporary visitants on migration or as winter residents, no fewer than twenty-one varieties of ducks and three geese may be found in every season. It was here within the last forty years, it is said, that no fewer than 15,000 canvasbacks and other ducks were not uncommonly killed in a single day for the markets of New York and other large cities. Now the numbers of these birds would not admit of that being done; but neither canvasbacks nor other ducks are killed for the New York market to-day, for that market is closed, and wildfowl are still in these waters in sufficient numbers to give the visitor some idea of the vast hordes of former days, and some hope that they may, under the new conditions, regain something of their former abundance.



THE SUNKEN BATTERY—BIRDS COMING DOWN TO THE DECOYS.

Shooting is now confined to two methods only: (1) From a blind in the reeds in the marshes, or on some point where they jut out into the Sound; (2) from a "battery" or "sinkbox." With regard to the first there is little that needs saying, since it differs in no way from shooting in similar situations elsewhere. It is sufficient to point out that since flight-shooting is impossible under the sunset law, it is only possible to do any extensive execution (except in the early days of the season) on days when the weather is sufficiently stormy to induce the ducks to seek shelter away from the open water. The second method is so unlike anything that is done in this country that it deserves a more detailed description. The batteries are of two types, one ancient the other modern, the main difference being that the old resembles a coffin in which you must lie down, whereas in the newer model sufficient depth is given to allow room for the human body in a sitting, if somewhat cramped, position. A square wooden box with a low seat surrounded by four wings or aprons consisting of strong canvas stretched on wooden frames—such is the general idea of a battery. Round the edges of the box is a space for ballast, which consists of iron decoy ducks weighing about fifty pounds each, and a few of these weights are also placed on the wings, until the battery is as nearly level with the water as possible. On the windward side two or more additional aprons are fixed, each hinged to the next, and when anchored out in comparatively deep water it is astonishing what a "sea" this hinged apron will keep off, each apron rising and falling on its hinges as the small waves pass underneath, and thus preventing them from breaking into the battery. The whole of this contrivance, except the box itself, folds up and is hoisted with a pulley on the mast into a power boat (see photograph), and is thus transferred from place to place, while a small row-boat full of wooden decoys is towed behind.

Such is the outfit the shooter will find at the boathouse when he starts for a day's shooting from a battery, and as he paces up and down waiting for the rising sun, he must needs curb to the best of his ability the impatience that arises from the knowledge that if only he were allowed to start in the dark and have the battery ready in position by daylight, he could kill more ducks in half an hour than he will probably get in the whole of the rest of the day; for it is just here that the sunset law helps the wildfowl; an undisturbed night's feeding has made them quite ready to go to sea at the first sign of daylight, and go they will, at any rate, after the early days of the season have taught them the dangers of the sheltered waters of the Sound; nor will they return till dark unless a sudden rise of wind during the day creates such a sea as to drive them back. The moment the sun is up a start is made with all speed, for others may have their hearts bent on the same feeding-ground, and it is a case of first come first served, for no battery is by mutual consent among sportsmen ever placed in such a position as to



CANADA GEESE.

inconvenience another which has got first station. On arrival the battery is put overboard, weighted and anchored as quickly as possible, for these are precious moments, and then begins the putting out of the wooden decoys to the tune of 150 to 175. There is some considerable art in the placing of the latter, for it must be remembered that the only concealment of a battery lies in its own invisibility and the cover of those decoys. They should be arranged in an ellipse, a thin fringe to windward of the battery, rather thicker at the sides, the main body lying to leeward. The whole operation will take twenty to thirty minutes, and as soon as it is done the row boat is put in tow of the power boat, which removes itself to the nearest shelter—perhaps half a mile away. Here it remains until there are sufficient ducks to pick up. In the early part of the shooting season when birds have only recently arrived from the North, the battery is an extremely deadly method of shooting, for few ducks can resist the temptation to join what appears to them to be a flock of 175 of their own kind. To them the presence of such a large number is the surest guarantee of safety, and the confidence with which they turn and swing into the wind and "put the brakes on" to join the decoys makes the shooting by no means difficult. One rule only needs to be remembered—and battery shooting is not the only form of wildfowling to which it applies—"Wait, and don't get up too soon."



THE BATTERY HOISTED ON TO THE MOTOR BOAT.

It should be pointed out that the foregoing remarks apply chiefly to the diving ducks, and it is of these that nine-tenths of the bag killed in a battery always consists. A few surface-feeding ducks may be killed, especially on stormy days, but as a rule these ducks are more apt to circle before they pitch, and in general fly higher and drop to decoys more directly, and it is obvious that the higher a duck flies the less chance is there of its being deceived by a battery which is visible in proportion to the altitude from which it is viewed.

The readiness of even the diving ducks to decoy is not impervious to bitter experience, and towards the end of the season it is almost ludicrous to observe the care with which large parties of canvasbacks or lesser scaups will investigate at a respectful distance other parties of their own kind at rest on the water, before deciding that it is perfectly certain there is no battery concealed in their midst. It is then only the single birds and very small parties that will decoy at all, and it is from these that the gunner will make his bag.

To the writer, at any rate, the chief charm of a battery does not lie in the shooting, for perhaps nowhere else, unless it is in a gunning punt, does the gunner who cares for something else besides gunning get such wonderful opportunities of watching the shyest forms of bird life at close quarters. He can have such opportunities by the simple process of laying his gun aside for an hour or two and watching what is going on around him without the distraction caused by the concentration on an individual bird which is necessary when he is shooting. Most of the ducks that come will pitch with the decoys, sometimes within a few feet of the battery, but it is only rarely that the canvasbacks will fail to detect their mistake in time to sheer off at the last moment. Of all the ducks that come the shooter's way in a battery, they are certainly the shyest and the most sporting. There is something singularly attractive in the sight of a flock of these birds coming to decoys. The long necks and heads, the heavy bodies, and a certain dash and swing in their tremendously swift and powerful flight, render them easily distinguishable, even at a great distance, from any other ducks, and as the flock turns to the decoys with the sun gleaming on the white backs of the old males, it presents a picture which once seen is not easily forgotten.

It is curious to notice the different behaviour of birds on swimming into a flock of wooden decoys. The grebes are apparently quite oblivious of the fact that they are surrounded by dummies, and will continue to feed and dive about among them quite unconcerned. Ducks, too, will often fail to realise their mistake for a time, and when they do finally realise that there is something wrong, their conduct is sometimes rather surprising. Generally they will shy from some decoy that is rocking unnaturally, stretch their necks for a moment and take wing; but I have seen American pochards and lesser scaups swim right through 100 wooden decoys till they were within a few feet of the battery, and then suddenly start aside from some decoy that had made them suspicious, only to find that they were in still closer proximity to another equally alarming. After a few moments of this they appeared to be in such a state of fright that they had entirely lost their heads, and remained flapping their wings on the water. It was only when I stood up within five yards that the shock of finding the hated human presence so close partially recalled them to their senses, and even then they did not fly, but swam quickly away. Small wonder! It must indeed be confusing to the duck mind to find that the goodly company of canvasbacks with whom he thought he had been associating for half an hour were in reality nothing but inanimate pieces of wood, while a human shape suddenly raised itself from apparently the depths of the bay. It may be of some interest, as illustrating the variety of wildfowl in that region, to give a list of the ducks killed in December, 1913, in three days in a battery on Currituck Sound: Mallard, dusky duck, redhead, canvasback, ringed duck, greater scaup, lesser scaup, ruddy duck, goldeneye, longtail, white-winged scoter, hooded mergansers, red-breasted mergansers, American mergansers and Canada goose.

For the photograph of "Canvasbacks coming to a Battery" and that of "Canada Geese" I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Watson, one of the members of the Horn Point Duck Club, Back Bay, Virginia.

THE C.U.A.C. SPORTS.

CAMBRIDGE has almost as great a capacity as any other place in England for looking dismal, but it is doubtful whether, for Stygian gloom and wetness combined, it can ever have surpassed its record of last Monday, the day fixed for the first day of the sports. So deplorable was the weather that only the mile was decided; an unhappy few, freely spattered with black mud, toiled three times round the be-puddled track, and Atkinson won in very creditable time under the circumstances of 4min. 31 2-5sec. Well as he ran, he can have, however, no chance against the incomparable Jackson, and Cambridge men will watch the mile at Queen's with serene resignation, hoping only that the Oxford hero may do the wonderful time of which he is capable.

Tuesday was a great improvement on Monday, although there was a feeling of snow in the air, and there were some capital performances. One of these was certainly Ashington's high jump. Not that his actual achievement of 5ft. 7in. was at all wonderful, although it was better than that of the winner at Oxford, but it was one more proof of the versatility of this truly astonishing athlete. Last year he won three events for Cambridge against Oxford: the hurdles, the long jump, in which he beat C. B. Fry's famous record; and finally, amid a scene of memorable enthusiasm, the half mile. This year it may be he will not attempt the half mile, more especially as in Taber, the American freshman at Oxford, he has a terribly formidable opponent; he has now clearly got to undertake the high jump as well as the long jump and the hurdles. Moreover, he ran a great race against Gordon Davies in the first heat of the quarter mile, being only beaten by two yards in 50 1-5 sec. This was a fine race to see, between Gordon Davies, the typical sprinter, rushing over the ground, and Ashington, with that tremendous stride that wore down the Oxford half milers last year, going so easily and deliberately, with no palpable effort. Gordon Davies had just too much pace, and having got something of a flying start was never caught; but it was a glorious race.

Ashington makes a fascinating figure, but the best achievement on Tuesday was not his, but that of Woods. It is not often that there is any enthusiasm over putting the weight; frequently it does not arouse even the faintest spark of interest; but on Tuesday when the weight-putters came out there was quite a little buzz of excitement at Fenner's. It was fully expected that Woods would do something out of the common, and Cambridge is the more proud of her weight-putter because she hopes by his aid at last to rout the foreign allies of Oxford, who have won this event so often. The affair was, if one may say so, admirably stage managed. First came two rather insignificant

competitors, then the gigantic Lindesay reached some 37ft.; then Norman, last year's second string, just capped Lindesay, and Woods came last. His first two putts were over 38ft.; at his third he broke the record for the ground with 40ft. 9in., and at his fourth and last putt did 41ft. 6½in. So everything seemed to work up to this really dramatic moment, and there are lamentably few moments in a weight-putting competition worthy of that epithet.

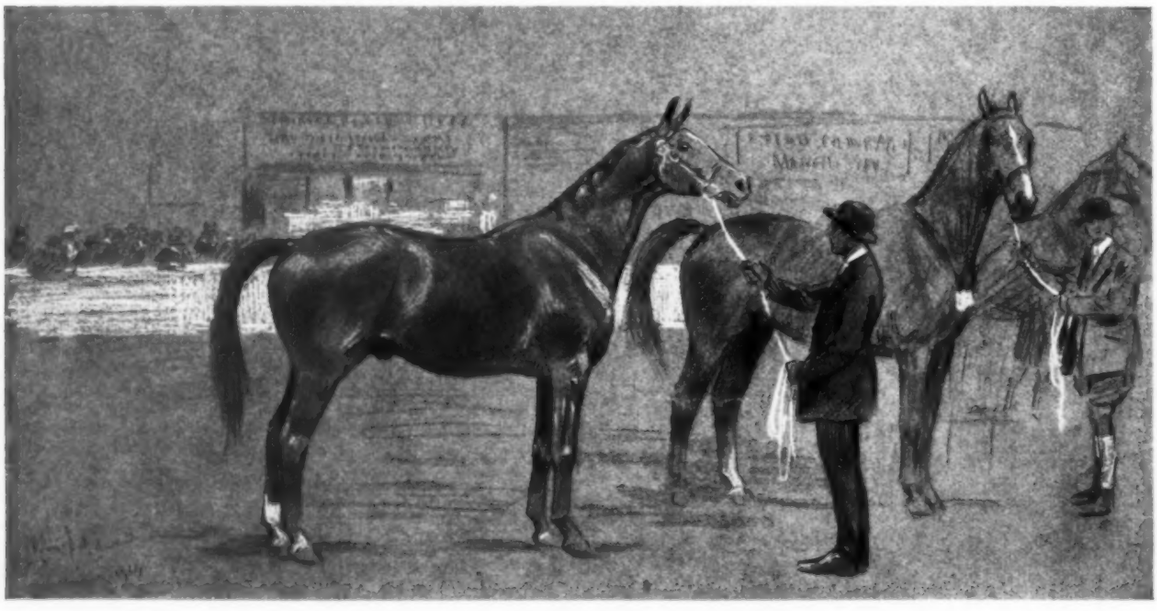
As regards some of the racing, it is only possible this week to speak of the heats. It was a great pity that Macintosh could not run in the hundred, but even in his absence it is clear that Cambridge has three sprinters above the average in Gordon Davies, Perrot and E. M. Davis. The first heat of the hurdles produced a very close race between Ashington and Marshall, in which Ashington, as he usually or at least frequently does, got an abominably bad start and came away in wonderful style in the run in. Twopeny, the Australian, who won the other heat of the hurdles, is a very fine all-round athlete. Indeed, he and Ashington would constitute by themselves a team that would take some beating.

HUNTERS' IMPROVEMENT SHOW.

THE feature of the opening day of the show was the judging of the King's Premium horses. There were 119, all of which were passed sound previous to entry. There was therefore no delay in setting the judges to work. These were Captain C. H. D. Featherstonehaugh, Bracklyn, Killucan, Ireland; Mr. J. S. Harrison, Beverley, Yorkshire; and the Hon. Alexander Parker, late Master of the North Warwickshire Hounds. These classes are beginning to show the advantages of the enlarged scheme of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. If hunter breeding is to prosper a sufficient supply of stallions, judiciously distributed, must be the first step. Brood mare schemes are useful, but a liberal supply of thoroughbred stallions of the right sort is indispensable; if only because as long as there are plenty of stallions we shall find, as the Germans have done, that the mares will necessarily reach a higher standard year by year as the good blood of the choice stallions is more and more widely diffused. As our experience of hunter breeding increases we are more and more convinced that the thoroughbred is the right sort to use. He gives the courage which is the secret of staying power. He also gives quality to the coarser bred mares. There are many people who think that, as a hunter, the technically half-bred horse is better than the thoroughbred. They would not, therefore, argue that a first-class blood hunter is not the best in a flying country, but they simply assert the undoubted fact that a majority of thoroughbred horses are not bred, as no doubt they could be, to carry 14st. over a flying country, but to gallop short distances under a light weight. Besides, in a cramped country, the more useful horses are those bred from one of the courser races which are naturally good fencers. In any case, we have not yet learned to raise a thoroughbred hunter at the price most people can afford to pay. Nevertheless, whatever be the country in which a horse is required as a hunter, he needs some of the qualities which can only be obtained by the use of thoroughbred sires. The problem before the Hunters' Improvement Society and the Board of Agriculture has been to provide at a reasonable fee horses suited to give to country mares the quality they need. If ever our horse supply is to be at all satisfactory it can only be by inducing a number of tenant farmers and others to breed a few hunter colts. I do not believe in large studs as a backbone to the breeding of any horses. If, then, men of moderate means are to breed hunters and to remember that misfits are our best cavalry horses, we must bring the cost of breeding within their means and also within the very moderate sum which the unfinished hunter is worth in the open market, so that a profit shall remain for the breeder.

Looking round the show at the different classes, we received the impression that, on the whole, the class of horses shown was likely to do good when mated with famous mares. There were some prevailing faults, indeed, in many of these horses. Many were not well balanced, while a good many were shallow-bodied, there were several with pasterns straighter than they should be, and some of the hocks were set on too far behind the horse. There were, however, several horses that looked like doing all that was wanted, and, since space is an object, I will note those that struck me as most likely to fulfil the required purposes. There was in Class 10 a horse which is well suited to sire stock for the Midlands. He was himself a picture of a 14st. horse for Leicestershire. This was Mr. Drage's Chanteur, by Vitez, dam by Avontes. He has a good record of performances on the flat, although the distances over which he won are, strangely enough, not stated. This would have been interesting, as I am strongly of opinion that a successful sprinter is more likely to get staying stock of hunter type than a horse which has won, or, at all events, not discredited himself, over long-distance courses. It is the vitality, the will to gallop, to make a last effort, which matters most in a hunter stallion, whose stock have so often to gallop and jump when half blown and weary.

He is a grand chestnut horse fully 16h. 2in, and has beautiful shoulders, back, loins with quarters to lift one "right over a town," and a most perfect forehand. He might be a little deeper through the breast, but we cannot expect perfection, and he is what every hunter should be, a beautifully balanced



IN THE RING, BIRK GILL IN FOREGROUND.
Winner of the King's Champion Challenge Cup.

horse. Another taking horse was Red Sahib, whose quality makes him well suited to the Welsh counties where he is to travel.

One horse that took my fancy, in spite of very crooked forelegs, was Lord Willoughby de Broke's Puro Caster, a chestnut, by Uncle Mac, dam by Baliol. This horse is very hunter like, and should do well in Oxfordshire, Warwickshire, Gloucestershire and Worcestershire countries, in which some very good hunters are bred. Of the other horses, Ray's Cross, bred in Ireland, and Renown seem well suited to the countries in which they are to be. The Cumberland and Westmorland Drummond's Pride, Elector, and the Hon. Jummy are also nice horses.

For the East and West Riding of Yorkshire there were eleven horses, and for average merit this was one of the very best classes in the show. Of these six received premiums and merited them, and the five others were given reserve cards. Those that caught the eye as they moved round the ring were Mr. Eustace Barlow's Birk Gill, by Marcion ex Frisky, by Esterling, and Crathorne, a dark bay by Donovan out of Lady Lena by Cylinder. This last horse has a great racing record, and this is, and should be, taken into account in judging hunter stallions. I confess to a great liking for a horse or mare with a record. There is always the probability that the colts or fillies will inherit the will power to do well under any circumstances. The polo pony and hackney breeders have learned to estimate at its full value temperament as an inheritance, and students of the breeding of racehorses, Mr. Allison among them, are giving full importance to mental as well as physical qualities as a factor in the future race-winning possibilities of the stock. It is not quite so important for hunters, and yet a horse that is a pleasant ride is worth money, and temperament is of commercial value in the horse market.



ROYAL BOW, NINETEEN YEARS OLD.

Coming as it does between the Hackney and the Polo Pony Shows, which exhibit, too, breeds coming true to type and fairly established, it is impossible to avoid the reflection that the Hunters' Improvement Society has not yet taught us how to breed a hunter. Although the hackney and the polo pony appeal to a much more limited circle of breeders and users, their breeders have succeeded in establishing types which are known all the world over, and are sought by the buyers of every country. But the name "hunter" connotes no type; he is a horse that is capable of being hunted. Moreover, the Hunter Society has not succeeded in winning the support of the very large number of people who are interested in the hunter and hunter breeding. Its work does not extend far enough, nor are its horses yet placed within reach, as they should be, of the smaller tenant farmers—the class whom most of all we wish to interest in breeding. If they are to come in it is certain that the fees will have to be reduced even more. There is another point worthy of note by the Hunters' Improvement Society, and that is that the society and its work are not nearly well enough known throughout the country. There are more people interested in hunters than in any other breed, and yet the society has fewer members than the Hackney and far fewer than the Shire-horse Societies. I believe that if the society and its work for horse breeders were better known it would gain greatly.



LIGHT HEART, LIGHT HEELS.

One thing I did notice, and that was the excellent attendance—far better than in other years—to see the stallions judged, and it is, of course, these people, and not the crowds who come to see jumping, who are the real public of a breed society.

At the general meeting, held in the Agricultural Hall, Lord Helmsley, the president, announced that the president for the coming year was Sir Merrik Burrell. No one has done more for hunter breeding as a practical man than Sir Merrik Burrell, nor has any member worked harder for the good of the society, and it may be fairly expected that both in theory and practice the society will take some steps forward in the coming year. The object of the society is to establish a breed of hunters



A PRODUCE CLASS.

true to type, and until that is achieved, the work done, however satisfactory as far as it goes, must be considered incomplete and imperfect. It was also stated that for the present the idea of moving the show to Olympia has been abandoned. A wise decision, since the Agricultural Hall is far better suited to an exhibition of breeding stock. X.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

IN the year of Our Lord 1387 the citizens of the sad, grey town of Oporto put aside their usual severity and burst into a tumult of rejoicing. The bells of the Cathedral rang out and were answered by those of Cidofeita across the pine-clad hills. It was the eve of a marriage, into which the populace read a great meaning, which yet was nothing in comparison to the immense significance it was to occupy in future history. The warlike master of Aviz, who was the bridegroom, accepted the event as one of purely political meaning, and crowded it into a short interval between two military campaigns. John of Gaunt, whose daughter Philippa was the bride, had undertaken to forego his claims to the crown of Portugal on condition that he should be helped against the King of Castille. Philippa herself did not appeal strongly to the lusty warrior. She was twenty-nine and in the prime of her womanhood; but she had developed those characteristics which were typical of her English race. She was self-controlled, animated by a sense of duty, and not at all like the free and passionate women of the Iberian peninsula. John's character up to this can be very well understood from an incident that was to have a marked effect on his career. Riding home from hunting the wolf one day he came across a farmer's daughter of Veiros, and immediately fell in love with her passionate black eyes. In those days potentates had an imperial way with the women to whom they took a fancy, and he promptly took this one away from her father's house, eventually lodging her in a convent near the palace and making her his mistress. Subsequently she became the mother of his illegitimate child, the Count of Barcellos, who was to prove the bane of his house. The incident showed the absence of moral restraint in the Court of Portugal. Yet morality had been preached, and not in vain, by one of the great men about the Court, the High Constable Nun'alvares, but little fruit was apparent at the time of the marriage, and at first John was inclined to eye his bride suspiciously. She came from surroundings that were likely to have left an impress on her character, for John of Gaunt led a life that was considered licentious in licentious times. It was thought that his daughter could not have escaped contamination in a household where the man's wife and his mistress lived under the same roof. It was therefore thought, not unnaturally, that the saintly airs of Philippa might be the hypocritical mask of a disposition not unlike that of her father. He was not even attracted by her beauty, by her hair, that is described as being of the colour of ripe wheat in June, by her delicate complexion, her thin, red lips. In *The Golden Age of Prince Henry the Navigator* (Chapman and Hall) Oliviera Martins draws a picture of the Saxon race which perhaps explains as well as anything could explain, the difference between the two.

A certain Northern stiffness prevents them from unbending to the little joys and sorrows that so potently move the more responsive Southerner. A temperament ruled by the laws of self-analysis makes them incapable of such a thing as natural frivolity. The Saxon character is subjective, essentially that of a thinker; the Southerner, on the other hand, is a born actor, preferring to play with the joys of life that run riotous in his veins, obeying only the laws dictated by nature itself. Life to one is a task—a solemn duty. To the other it is a banquet, or else a sacrifice. The tendency of the one is to produce an even eminence; that of the other great saints or else great sinners.

But time was to bring out the deeper qualities in Philippa. She had profited by the evil example of the paternal household as much as others might have done from precept, and it is to her great glory and honour that she utterly purged the Court of Portugal of licentiousness. Our author says she found the Court a sink of immorality; she left it as chaste as a nunnery. The means by which she achieved this end were not without a humorous aspect, although it was humour that had a tragic ending in at least one case. If her vigilant eye caught signs of illicit or other lovemaking, she forced those concerned to marry if they were marriageable; if not, they had to leave the Court. Her own son has recorded that she induced the King to order the marriage of more than a hundred people. Often she chose the brides and bridegrooms with the slightest regard to their feelings. The formal method took the shape of the following command:

Thus any day some one or other might receive the following command, impossible to disregard—

"The King and I expect you to hurry your wedding. It will be held to-morrow."

"But to whom, your Majesty?" would be the startled answer.

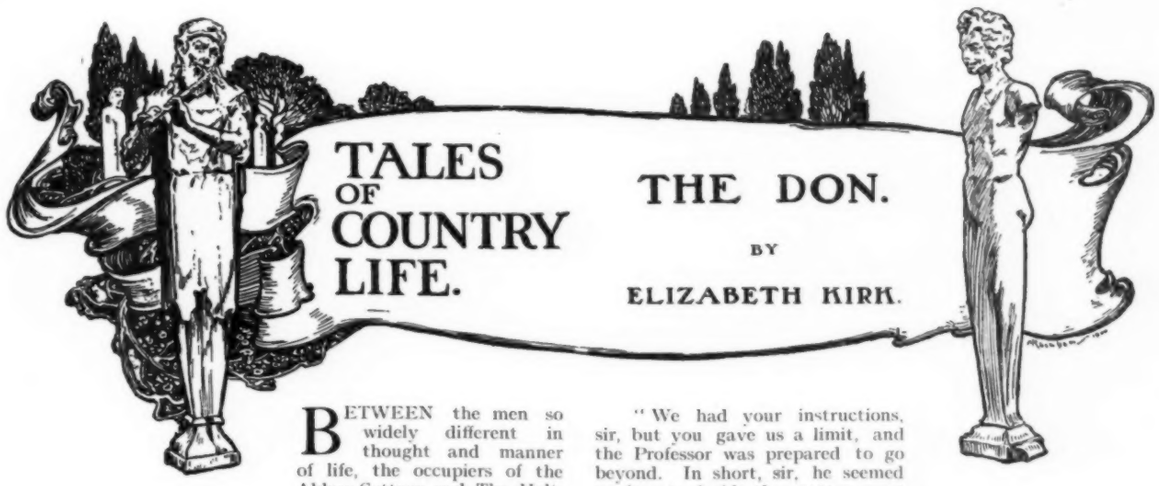
"Never mind. You will know at the altar," would be the invariable response.

The tragedy to which we have referred occurred in the case of Fernanda Affonso, who, having a love affair with one of the Queen's maids-of-honour, was ordered to marry her, and, not taking the warning seriously, was, after two or three repetitions of the order, burnt at the stake by the King's command. This was part of the barbarity of the age; but the effect of Philippa's influence extended over many generations. Further, she completely changed the King himself, and, what is more, produced a noble progeny. Her first child died in infancy; the second was named Prince Duarte (Edward) in honour of the King of England. He eventually succeeded his father, and was the author of "The Loyal Counsellor." Prince Peter was born in 1392. He became one of the greatest statesmen, soldiers and leaders of his age, although, like a great many of the leaders of that time, he was doomed to end tragically. The fourth son was Prince Henry the Navigator, to whom must be accorded the honour of establishing the vast colonial system of Portugal, and of being the first in that illustrious band of navigators for which the country is famous. Two other sons, scarcely less remarkable, followed; one was Prince John, in 1400, and the other Prince Fernanda, who, under most pitiful circumstances, was to be martyred in Tangier. Here was indeed an illustrious generation of noble princes, and to them is due what has been rightly called the Golden Age of Portugal. It is set forth with insight by our author, whose original Portuguese is translated by Mr. Johnston Abraham and Mr. Edward Reynolds. This book of history has the fascination of a novel—a fact largely due to its distinguished character studies. We see the literary Prince Duarte, with his vague, mystical motto, "Desire," a sort of Hamlet of his age, so oppressed with thinking that he did not know how to act. Then there is the statesman, Prince Peter, who is a sort of Lord Burghley of his time, except that he had far less heed of his own selfish ends than the founder of the House of Cecil. There is Prince Henry, who was equally selfless in a way, since he never attempted to do things for the sake of his own personal ambition, but was absorbed by the dream of adding new lands and peoples to the Portuguese Throne. He lived for his ships and his expeditions, and for these was willing to sacrifice all things, including the affection which he owed to his brothers. To complete the *dramatis personæ* of this play, there is the villain of the piece, the illegitimate son, who by craft and guile worked his way upwards so successfully that his son ultimately became King of Portugal.

SPORTSMAN AND ARTIST.

Pastime with Good Company, pictured by G. D. Armour, with an introduction by Horace G. Hutchinson. (COUNTRY LIFE Library.)

THE artist who sets forth with the intention of devoting his talent to sporting subjects embarks on a task of great difficulty. For he has to please two critics, the artist and the sportsman. Often he must satisfy one at the expense of the other. It is no easy matter to present an animal in such a way that it attracts the exacting eye of the sportsman without at the same time violating the artist's sense of what is fitting. Mr. Armour is successful in avoiding the errors into which many of his *confrères* fall, because he is both artist and sportsman. Game birds are not his strong point, his deer sometimes lack grace; but in his own domain he has few rivals, and not many men can depict the horse with such fidelity and vigour. Readers of COUNTRY LIFE will recognise in the handsome and attractive volume just published many old friends which they will be glad to possess in permanent form. Of the fifty-five reproductions given, nearly forty are of horses and ponies. Such drawings as "Gone Away," "A Cramped Place," "Riding Him Off" and "Becher's Brook" (a fine portrayal of violent action) show the artist at his best, while his drawings of hounds, for example, the extremely clever sketch of "Otter Hounds Swimming" are equally good. Broad in treatment, fine, careful drawing, as in the modelling of heads and feet, is never absent from his pictures. Apart from other considerations, Mr. Armour's wore shows how excellent a medium for reproduction the pencil can become in th, hands of a clever artist. His pictures appeal primarily to the horsey man a type which is well shown; but stalkers will appreciate the fidelity with which the limp, trailing form of the dead stag is rendered in "Down to the Ponies." Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson contributes an interesting introduction, in which he traces the progress of animal portraiture from the unknown artist of the Stone Age to the work of such men as Mr. Armour. The volume should find a place on many a country house table, and will recall happy moments to all who turn its pages.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE DON.

BY

ELIZABETH KIRK.

BETWEEN the men so widely different in thought and manner of life, the occupiers of the Abbey Cottage and The Holt, there existed just a pleasant neighbourliness. There had been a coolness in the early days, but a trifling incident had touched the friendship into warmth. The Squire, living at The Holt, came into possession one day of a litter of fine spaniels, and one more than he needed. When it was six weeks old he despatched it in a straw-lined box to the Professor. "Give this to the Professor," he said to the stable-boy, "with my compliments."

When the Professor opened the lid of the box the puppy jumped out—a soft thing, mostly legs and ears. He made haste to thank the Squire. "What shall I call him?" he said; "I know nothing of dogs or their names."

The Squire, always quick of speech and wit, answered without demur: "Call him 'The Don,'" he said. And "The Don" he was to the end of the chapter.

But when the Abbey Cottage went into the property market the wills of the neighbours clashed. It was one of those roomy, unpretentious, old-world cottages, standing in its acre of garden, which by virtue of being eight miles from a station "goes cheap." The Professor had rented it for five years; now he determined to buy it. But the wicket gate on the east side of the cottage garden opened right on to the home meadows of The Holt, and the young Squire, with a wife in near prospect, decided to "buy the little property for Catherine (his sister and housekeeper), against the time that she could no longer make her home with him."

Catherine had clapped her hands with girlish effusion at the thought. "It was the place of all places that she could *love*," she said.

The matter being so far settled, the Squire, Mr. Richard Parmenter, at an early opportunity rode his roan mare into Witcherley, the nearest post town. In his riding coat and breeches, his yellow buskins and hunting cap, his cheeks rosy and smooth as an apple and his eyes as black and shining as its pips, he looked just what he was—the healthy, hearty, jovial squire, on good terms with himself and his neighbours. He swung himself out of his saddle when he reached Temperley's (the agent's) office, giving the reins to a boy to hold, and walked with easy confidence in and up to the counter. He rarely met with opposition, for throughout the country he was known as a good citizen and Churchman. He paid his debts and his tithes too without a murmur, as became a Christian gentleman; was a staunch Unionist, and was seen regularly once a month at holy communion. He was, moreover, a keen sportsman and J.P. for his county. Thus he fulfilled most if not all of the requirements of Church and State as imposed on dwellers of the countryside.

He felt deep in his pocket for some papers. "I've come," he said, "about the purchase of that little property, the Abbey Cottage. Shall I go straight through?"

He hardly waited for the clerk's answer, walking down the narrow passage between the counters to an inner room wherein private or important business was usually transacted. "Now, Mr. Wriley," he said, with the air of a man who sees the world at his feet, "I've come to complete the purchase of the Abbey Cottage. Mr. Temperley, I hear, is away, but I can do my business just as well with you. I've decided at all costs to buy."

Mr. Wriley, the senior clerk, fidgeted, looking down anxiously at his boots. At last: "I've had an interview with Mr. Seex, the Professor, the present occupier, sir—and he—the sale—I mean——"

"What *do* you mean?" asked the Squire, with a sharp glance from his beady eyes.

Mr. Wriley blurted out the truth. "The sale already is complete, sir. The Professor has purchased."

"Do you mean that Mr. Seex has bought the Abbey Cottage?"

"That is what I mean, sir."

The Squire flushed angrily. "You knew my intentions?" he said.

"We had your instructions, sir, but you gave us a limit, and the Professor was prepared to go beyond. In short, sir, he seemed anxious to decide the matter, went fifty beyond your offer, and paid down then and there. I should have 'phoned you, sir, had I known."

The Squire rose in a white heat of passion. "You *did* know!" he said. "I *meant* to buy! I *should* have bought! I had no idea that Mr. Seex was an intending purchaser." He strode out of the office, caught up the reins from the boy's hand without bestowing the customary copper, and rode homewards in thoroughly bad humour. Near The Holt he came suddenly face to face with the new purchaser of the coveted property. He reined in his mare. "Good day," he began, without more ado. "So, Mr. Seex, you've bought the Abbey Cottage over my head?"

"I've bought the property—yes," answered the Professor, in some surprise.

"Over my head," repeated the Squire, eyeing him sharply.

"Hardly that," answered the Professor, "since I've occupied the place for five years." He spoke with a touch of his old coolness.

"Well!" exclaimed the Squire, his temper now out of bounds, "let me tell you this, sir, as a guide in the future, that you've taken an advantage and done a piece of underhand, shabby work. If Temperley had been in town it couldn't have happened. You knew he was away and took your chance of completing the purchase off hand. We don't transact our affairs like that *on the countryside, sir*." He spoke with a sneer; the Professor had always lived in towns. He opened his lips to speak, but the Squire was too angry to listen. He touched his mare and she started, then reared. He swore, curbing her in, and she backed close against the Professor. He, having no mind to prolong the scene, moved on, whistling to the Don at his heels. That was the beginning of the feud. After that, though the men never purposely avoided each other, they seemed seldom to meet, and when they did words were few between them.

It was on a sunny day in June that Catherine chose to take her walk through the fields that separated The Holt from Mr. Costellow's poultry farm. On a sudden she felt her skirt sharply and *sans ceremonie* seized and shaken. She screamed—her habit at surprises—and repeated the scream on seeing that Flighty, one of Mr. Costellow's terriers, had the hem of her dress between her white pointed teeth, while an ugly sneer parted her lips. Mr. Costellow's poultry farm was protected by several of these canine custodians, some more ferocious than others, who waged an active, if not wholly effectual, warfare against marauders, gipsies, rats and such. Catherine gathered her skirts in her hands, giving a few vigorous shakes, with the result that Flighty let go the hem, but seized instead her thin stocking. She then ran across the stubble field, still screaming, but succeeded at last in freeing herself, and hurried homewards. When her brother arrived later, he found her white, frightened, tearful. She had, with others, attended a course of demonstrations on "First Aid," and was now bending over an infinitesimal wound in her slim ankle with a tiny cautery pencil. Her story lost nothing in the telling, but finished, she added between hysterical sobs that "If Flighty went mad, she would of a certainty have hydrophobia, and that if she *did* get hydrophobia she would never forgive Flighty, though—since both were quite sure to die—it would not *really* matter to either." Such was the profoundness of Catherine's philosophy. The Squire, always kindly in her interests, examined the ankle. There was a little blood, and his chivalry was fired. He had always said that, "One of these days there would be trouble over old Costellow's dogs." The day had come. He sought out the poultry farmer early, accosting him with his usual straightforwardness. "Your Flighty," he said, "is a fierce brute, and ought to be shot! She took a bit clean out of Catherine's leg yesterday!"

Mr. Costellow laughed a loud guffaw. "I'm bound to admit the temptation," he said, "even while I denounce the act! I shan't shoot her, Squire, but I give you carte blanche."

"Thanks!" said the Squire shortly, "I'll take it."

He was angry and, never lightly perturbed, his annoyance was now out of all proportion to the cause. He was angry at the purchase of the Abbey Cottage; angry that he had been outwitted; angry at the memory of Catherine's white ankle and the red stain, her tears and her premonitions, though on these last he set no value; angry at the indifferent attitude of the owner of the offending Flighty. His mind was made up. With the setting of the sun he went to his gun-room and, shouldering his weapon, went off in search of the culprit, choosing the path towards the coppice at the foot of the meadows and close against the river. The coppice was bounded by a wall, low but wide, ivy-bound in places, and in others the crannies were filled with lichens, hardy ferns and cup-moss, soft as velvet and clinging. The glow of sunset had not died away and a full moon like a silver ball was hanging in the darkening sky, reflecting the western tints. The light was cheating. Suddenly on the coppice wall, dimly outlined against a background of larch and birch trunks, he saw a dog—Flighty, of course. He raised his gun. The creature turned its head sideways and eastward, sending up loud continuous bays towards the moon. The dismal wails on a soft still air seemed an added offence, an act almost of defiance.

He took aim. "Take that . . . you brute! and that!" A couple of reports, then a long, deep silence. The dog swayed and rolled over into the coppice. He shouldered his gun again. "Done!" he said, "*that* score's paid off! I'll bury her when the moon's up!"

When the moon had travelled high in the heavens he fetched his spade and returned to the coppice. He cleared the wall at a bound and stood beside the body of . . . not the offending Flighty, but the favourite Don. For a moment he could not credit such bungling, but a keener glance convinced him. The Don, without a doubt. His first emotion was vexation, the next elation. He had, guiltless of any *malice prepense*, paid off *another* score, then! He laughed aloud at the joke. The pedant could keep the Abbey Cottage . . . but he had lost his Don. Then he caught himself up, remembering that he could not have done his neighbour a worse turn. He owned, too, with an uncomfortable sense of humiliation, that his judgment had given place before anger and that he had not even proved himself a good sportsman.

Early next day he called at the Abbey Cottage. "It's no use mincing matters, sir, I've . . . shot the Don."

"You! Shot the Don!"

"By a mistake, of course, sir." "Dead?"

"Stark dead, sir. I can at least take credit for my aim."

He caught a look in the other's eye and hurried on: "It was an accident, of course, Professor. I mistook him for one of old Costellow's dogs, Flighty, who yesterday took a bit clean out of Catherine's leg. Mr. Costellow gave me carte blanche and I took it . . . rightly. But the light deceived me . . . it was neither sunset nor moonrise, and I mistook. . . ."

The Professor interrupted, lifting his hand and straightening his shoulders as though he made some effort. "I think," he said slowly, "you might spare yourself and me. Am I to believe that you, a *sportsman*, could possibly mistake Mr. Costellow's terrier for my spaniel? I've no pretensions to your sport, sir, but I could have done better than that. You've shown me, Squire, how a gentleman of the countryside pays off his scores" (there was a wave of contempt in his voice), "and have proved yourself neither gentleman nor sportsman."

The Squire's ruddy cheeks turned suddenly white and he licked his lips. "You don't take my word?" he said.

"I'm sorry; no," said the Professor.

Their eyes met, the Squire's fired with passion, the Professor's cold and bitter. Suddenly an impulse overcame him. Even at such a time the old traditions of courtesy could not be entirely swept aside. "I ought to enquire," he said, "after Miss Catherine. You say she was hurt? I hope not seriously. I hope she has not suffered."

The Squire for once had no words to say, and sought for a reply in vain. At last he stammered out something, scarcely knowing what, and the men parted.

It was a month later. Alone in a sheltered corner of his garden sat the Professor. His "Wisdom of the Ancients" lay on his knee, open, but he turned no page. No reason, either ancient or present day, could convince him of the reasonableness of his loss—a loss that at one sweep deprived him of both his friends and his dog. He had no kith or kin. The Don had been his constant and faithful companion—at heel in the long, lonely walks by day, at his feet in the long, lonely evenings. Then the Squire! He had delighted in his ready humour, his jovial outlook, his easy, magnanimous temper. He had felt himself sharpen beneath his wit. Nor least Catherine. He missed, unspeakably, Catherine. She was childish, no doubt, superficial perhaps, utterly unfitted to preside over the household of a man of science, of course; yet he missed Catherine! She was a keen rose-grower, and had promised to teach him to "bud." It was all over. Disquieting thoughts and memories crowded through his mind. Should he "pocket his pride"—his lips tightened at the thought—and make the *amende honorable?* The Squire, perhaps, was only waiting for half a word from him. Suddenly—a half-unconscious action—he whistled, a whistle that rang clear and loud across the meadows. Almost simultaneously, as it seemed to him, there came a leaping and a splashing through the fields and marshes, a clearing of the wicket-gate, a clamorous barking, an ecstatic greeting. The Don! The Don—with a lame foreleg and an ugly wound near the shoulder on which no hair would ever grow, and a look in his eyes that gripped at the Professor's heart—but the Don! Later the same day he found the Squire. He clicked the gate into The Holt garden and went straight to the gun-room. "So, Squire, it was a hoax after all! A practical joke—call it what you will! You did *not* shoot the Don."

The Squire laughed outright, his genial, mirthful laugh. His eyes were merry, and he slapped the Professor's shoulder, looking down into his face. "A hoax! A joke! Come, I like that, sir! Step in and see for yourself." He led him through the gun-room into a shed, small and clean, from which the stable boy now cleared away a litter of straw. On a shelf stood a bowl with the *débris* of some amateur surgery in it—a pair of scissors and some forceps, some bits of wool and lint, a curved needle and some ends of gut—some shot. The air was odorous of carbolic. "A hoax!" he repeated, as though he enjoyed the joke. "But you told me you shot the Don."

"And I told you the truth there, sir. I *did* shoot him, and I told you a lie when I said I killed him. I didn't kill him. I mistook him for Flighty, just as I said, sir, and bowled him over. When I went to bury him he wasn't dead, though more that than alive. Enough of joking, Professor. I've had him here ever since, practising the 'healing art,' and not so badly either, *I* think; but if you want another spaniel, sir——" He paused, and the Professor shook his head.

They dined together that night at The Holt, and the men lingered long over their wine and nuts. At last the Squire said, "You know, Professor, *I* never really wanted the Abbey Cottage. I was only purchasing so that when I marry there should be a home near by for Catherine. She's always had a longing for the place. I was really only thinking of Catherine."

The Professor did not immediately answer, but held his glass up, looking deep into the wine. Then: "Curious!" he said, a twinkle in his eyes and his thin lips curving to a smile, "curious that our minds should have both been running on the same lines. When I purchased, I, too——was only thinking of Catherine."

HOW THE DOG SOUGHT A MASTER FOR HIMSELF.

A Caucasian Folk-tale, Translated from the Russian by Arthur Ransome.

THE Dog wandered through the wide world, and perceived that it was impossible for him so to live. He saw that he must find a master, and be a servant to him, and see in him a protector for himself, but he did not know who this master ought to be.

The Wolf met him; and the wolf is strong, fierce and wicked, and allows no one to affront him. "Where are you going, Dog?"

"I am looking for a master. Permit me to be your servant."

The Wolf agreed, and they went on together. But presently the Dog saw the Wolf lift his nose in the air and sniff, and then make as if to steal silently out at the edge of the field. In the middle of the field there was a Bear, taking honey from a hive.

"Wherefore, O Master, are you afraid?" asked the Dog.

"Why, there, in the middle of the field, perhaps you do not see who that is? That one will crush both of us at once and nothing but a little puddle will be left of us."

The Dog left the Wolf and offered himself as a servant to the Bear. The Bear received him kindly, and said:

"We will go after the herd. I have a desire for food, and so I will take a cow."

They had just started when the Bear stopped and listened. There was a noise in the herd, cows lowing and horses neighing, and the whole herd ran off like mad. The Bear looked out from behind a tree, turned away and went into a thicket.

"No," said he. "This is not the time for us to poke our noses in. The Lion is master here."

"What is that . . . the Lion?"

"Ah, you; you do not know. . . . That is the Czar of the Beasts. There is no one among us stronger than he."

"If so, you will excuse me," said the Dog. "I go to him as a servant." He sought the Lion and told him his trouble. And the Lion received him kindly, and he began to serve him.

For a long time the Dog was the servant of Czar-Lion . . . stronger than he, he saw no one, and nobody dared to affront him. But it happened that he went with his master among the bare rocky hills. And suddenly the Lion stopped, roared so that the hills shook, clawed the ground with anger, and then went silently away.

"What is the matter with you, O Master?" asked the Dog.

"A Man is coming this way; that is what is the matter. It means that I must make off, for stronger than he is nothing in the whole world."

"Good-bye, O Czar of the Beasts; since it seems that to be the servant of that one is as much as to be Czar over thee."

And from that time the Dog became the servant of Man. Long, long has he served him, and he has not yet seen anyone in that world who is stronger than his master.

THE ASHBURNHAM TREASURES OF ANCIENT WROUGHT SILVER.

THE PHOTOGRAPHS ARE REPRODUCED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION.

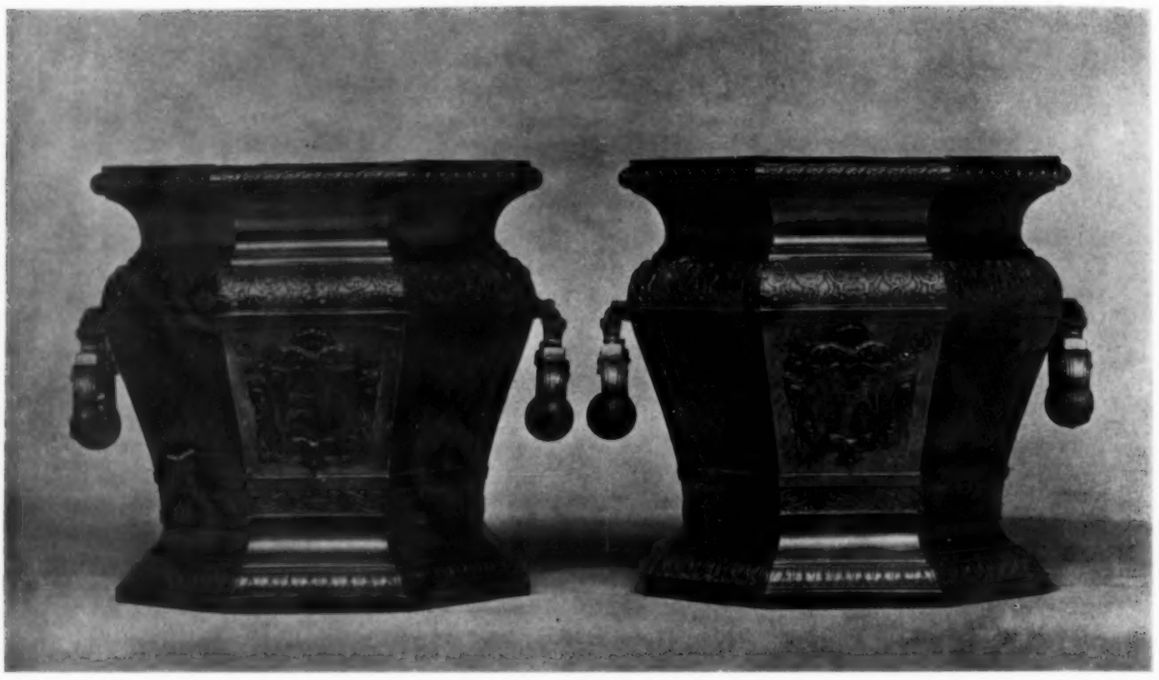
OF all the numerous collections of antique silver-work which one can remember having been sold at Christie's, that which will be put up to auction on March 24th by order of the Executors of the fifth Earl of Ashburnham exceeds them all in beauty and rarity in respect, at least, to two lots in the catalogue. These treasures have been lying unthought of and unseen in the strong room of a bank for between thirty and forty years, and have only just been brought to light for the purpose of this sale. It is hoped by many that one or more of them will be secured for the Victoria and Albert Museum. The lot which will excite the greatest competition among collectors of English plate is the silver-gilt standing salt of hour-glass form which, with its conical cover, was made in the reign of Henry VII. and bears the London hall-mark of the year 1508 and the maker's mark, a setting sun. It is a relic of the time when the Great Salt occupied the most important position on the table at which the lord or master and his guests of high degree sat to dine. Small trencher salts only were placed on the lower tables where sat those of lower degree. This fine example measures 12¼in. in height and 4⅝in. in diameter at the bowl where the salt is held. It is octofoil in plan and has a boss with eight spiral shafts encircling its waist; its eight lobed sides are alternately plain and matted, and on each lobe is an applied figure of a mermaid holding a mirror in one hand, while with the other she combs her tresses. Set on the top of the cover is a similar figure which was wrought about fifty years ago, in all probability to replace the original one which had been broken off and lost. A mermaid is the badge of the Berkeley family, and as John Ashburnham of Ashburnham married Lora, daughter and co-heiress of Thomas, son of Sir Edward Berkeley of Beverston, between 1510 and 1520, this standing salt is believed to have passed to the Ashburnham family on that marriage. There are two English-made standing salts of somewhat similar form at Christ's College, Cambridge, and one at New College, Oxford, all said to be of earlier date than the Ashburnham salt, but if one of the Cambridge examples be excepted, none of them has a hall-mark whereby its exact date can be fixed.



ENGLISH STANDING SALT AND COVER, TEMP. HENRY VII.

While the standing salt is more attractive to collectors of English plate, the silver-gilt rose-water dish, believed to have been made by Benvenuto Cellini and certainly worthy of his skill as designer and craftsman, will probably draw a far larger circle of admirers, who will come from many parts of the Continent to compete for its possession. It is unfortunate that the ewer which doubtless accompanied this dish originally is now missing; but the dish alone, dating as it does from about 1550, with its marvellously wrought decoration, is one of the most beautiful pieces of Florentine metal-work that has survived from the Renaissance period, and is a treasure in itself. The dish is round and measures 14⅜in. in diameter. It is divided into four panels by as many fluted columns, which radiate from a central boss. The panels are decorated with embossed and chased scenes representing respectively: (1) The siege of Jerusalem, in which the city, with the temple in the middle, is seen surrounded by walls and by a broad stream which is being crossed by Roman soldiers, while in the distance the rest of the army of Titus is seen formed in squares. (2) The consecration of the sacred Bull of Apis at Memphis, with Titus himself taking part in the ceremony. (3) The triumph of Titus on his return to Rome, accompanied in the procession by his father, Vespasian; each of them is depicted standing in a separate chariot drawn by four horses. (4) The festival of dedication in the Colosseum after its completion by Titus in A.D. 80.

The skill displayed in the decorative work on this dish is wonderful. The amount of labour entailed in its execution can only be appreciated by careful study with the aid of a magnifying-glass. There are in the composition of the four scenes, in addition to the principal subjects, some thousands of human figures on horseback and afoot. In the panel, which gives a bird's-eye view of the Colosseum (showing the outer side of the wall nearest to the eye, as well as the interior), the arena is seen fully occupied



GEORGE I. OCTAGONAL JARDINIERES BY WILLIAM LUKIN, BEARING THE ARMS OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLE AND CATHERINE HIS WIFE.

by equestrian figures, men in armour, and animals about to be slaughtered, while the auditorium is filled with spectators.

On the flank of the sacred Bull in the second panel there is a crescent, from which it is concluded that the dish was made for a Knight of the Order of the Crescent, founded by René Duc d'Anjou (titular King of Sicily) in 1446. In one of the upper corners of the "Triumph" panel appears the coat of arms of Ippolito Aldobrandini (afterwards Pope Clement VIII.), surmounted by his Cardinal's hat. This formed no part of the original design, but was probably engraved between 1585 and 1592, when the dish was acquired by Aldobrandini before his attainment of the Papacy. Nothing is known of the history of the dish from 1592 until its purchase by Bertram, fourth Earl of Ashburnham, who resided in Florence for some time in the second quarter of the eighteenth century. Among the remainder of this collection are many fine examples of English silver work, of which the following may be mentioned: A covered oviform vase bearing the London hall-mark of 1675, 14¼in. high, embossed and chased with acanthus foliage and festoons of fruit, somewhat overdone in the matter of decoration, and lacking in repose. This is flanked by a pair of stoppered bottles of the same date, but much more tastefully decorated with embossed convex flutes in their lower parts, above which are acanthus leaves springing from the spaces



OVIFORM VASE AND STOPPERED BOTTLES OF THE TIME OF CHARLES II.





SILVER-GILT ROSE-WATER DISH SAID TO BE THE WORK OF BENVENUTO CELLINI.
The panel shown on a larger scale is that of The Triumph of Titus.

between the flutes; above these are festoons of fruit, and descending from the bottle-necks towards the festoons are inverted acanthus leaves; the whole embossed in low relief on a matted background.

A pair of octagonal jardinières, 8¾in. high, wrought by William Lukin, and bearing the London hall-marks of 1716, are excellent examples of early Georgian work. A sufficiency of plain surface is left for the eye to rest on, whereby the decorated surface is more accentuated than in pieces overladen with ornament. In these jardinières the ornamentation consists simply of a line of inverted palm leaves on the bases, a band of shells and strapwork on the shoulders and a border of intersecting ribands enclosing rosettes around the top. Each of the pieces has a pair of hinged ring-shaped handles, and on each of the principal panels is an applied rococo-bordered shield embossed with the arms of Walpole impaling Shorter. A fine square salver of 1728, by Paul Lamerie, with the Ashburnham arms engraved in the middle, and lacking any ornamentation except a chased border of foliage and strapwork, is an example of the maker's best productions, before he allowed himself to be carried away by his fondness for the flamboyant asymmetrical decoration which spoils much of his later work.

There are some fine examples of plainly wrought silver in a George I. toilet service of the year 1719, by Benjamin Pym, and a large oval wine-cistern by Gabriel Sleath, bearing the hall-marks of 1720. An instance of an utterly unsuitable design for silverwork is afforded by a centre-piece of the year 1747, formed as a pierced and engraved oval bowl and cover, supported by two goats standing on an oval dish. It was the work of Nicholas Sprimont, for a time manager of the Chelsea china factory, where his "Goat and Bee" cream jugs were produced in porcelain.

C. J. JACKSON.

IN THE GARDEN.

WINTER COLOURING NEAR WATER.

FOR colour effect near water—be it pond or river—nothing can surpass a belt of crimson Dogwood (Cornus sanguinea) backed by a judicious grouping of Golden Willow against a thick plantation of the common Alder. In summer, Alders are dull, if not ugly, trees, with dingy green foliage which never takes on any beauty of changing colour; but in winter and early spring, when they are covered with catkins, the variety of tints which they show is marvellous—rich brown and Indian red at the early stages of the catkins, bistre, ochre and every shade of delicate yellow-brown as they develop and show their pollen. Golden Willows may be allowed to grow to a good size, and by occasionally lopping their branches, thick masses of orange twigs will be ensured. Dogwood should be planted quite close to the water, and in time it will shelve over for a yard or more, giving full effect to the reflection of its rich crimson twigs, which, in sunshine or after a shower of rain, simply glow with colour, and are, after a fall of snow, indescribably beautiful. Nothing is easier to grow than Dogwood and Willow; any rod or twig cut during winter or early spring will root in moist ground. The line of Dogwood should be broken here and there for a few yards, and the banks of the pond or river planted thickly with Primroses of all shades, with bulbs of Snowdrops, Winter Aconites, Squills and Daffodils dibbled in among them, an arrangement which will give a show of varied and delicate colouring, and cause infinite pleasure for several months in succession. The more mixed and irregular the planting is, the better, to give a wild and natural effect, and if left undisturbed for years to seed and place themselves, all these charming flowers will increase and fill in bare places, mingling with each other in exquisite effect and contrast. Aspect should be considered, and the planting done as much as possible on the north and east banks, so that full sunshine falls upon the background of Alders, Golden Willows and Dogwood, immensely enhancing the beauty of the reflections in the water below. Great depth and softness of colour may be gained by the rich, dark foliage of a few Scotch Pines and Yews planted among the Alders, to contrast with the brighter tints in front.

FLORENCE WOOLWARD.

SOME BULBS FOR SPRING PLANTING.

In a great many country gardens there is a demand for plants that flower in early autumn, and although there is a goodly host of herbaceous kinds that naturally flower at that season, those with bulbous or tuberous roots are more or less neglected. If we eliminate the Montbretias, Gladioli and late-flowering Lilies such as speciosum, very few of the kinds that can be, and often are best, planted in spring will be found in most gardens. One cannot help thinking that this is a mistake. Montbretias and Gladioli, to which reference has already been made, are too well known to need extended comment; it will suffice to remind those who would grow them that the end of March or early in April is a good time for planting. There are many beautiful varieties in each family, particulars of which can be obtained from any bulb catalogue, and they ought not to be placed directly in contact with raw manure at the time of planting. Those who appreciate blue flowers in autumn should get the varieties Blue Jay and Baron von Hulot, which are the best Gladioli of this colour. One of the best bulbous flowers to put in just now is Hyacinthus or Galtonia candicans. The bulbs can be purchased quite cheaply, and should be placed from 4in. to 6in. below the surface. If the soil is mainly clay, it is advisable to spread some sharp sand under and around the bulbs, and this applies to most other kinds mentioned. Hyacinthus candicans attains a height of 4ft. to 6ft., and the upper portion of the flower stem is bespangled with glistening white, bell-shaped blossoms. Massed in an open spot in the shrub border, in the herbaceous border, or in beds of Azaleas or other spring-flowering shrubs, this plant is very effective, and it is equally good for cutting.

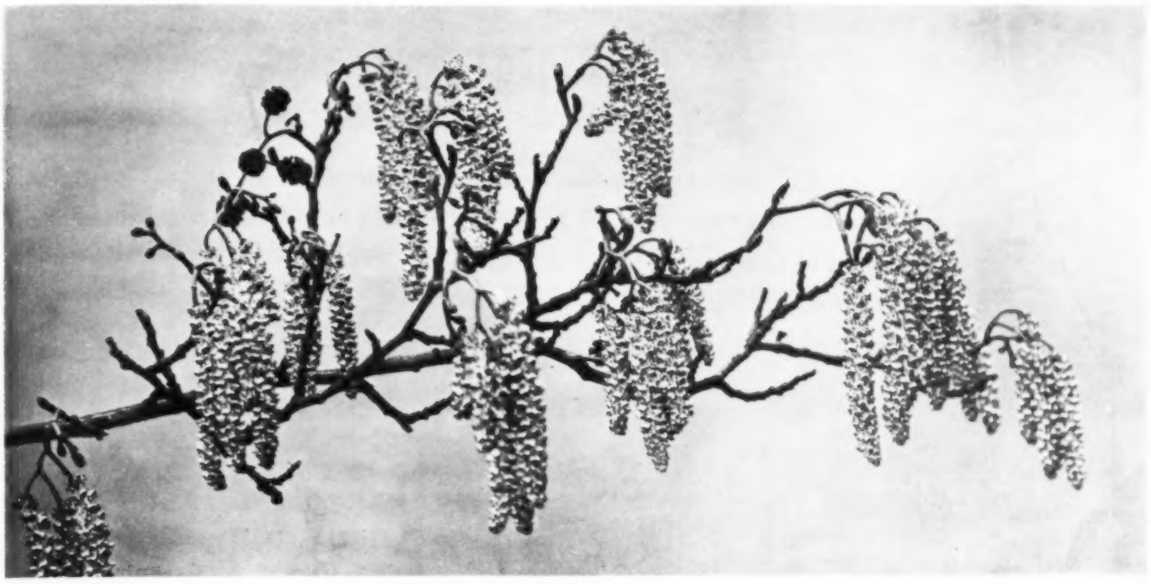
The Peruvian Lilies, or Alstrœmerias, are bulbous flowers that we see too little of. It is true that they are not well adapted for very cold soils or situations, but in all moderately warm gardens such kinds as chilensis and aurantiaca, with their several variations, will give a good return in the way of curious-shaped and wonderfully mottled flowers. The bulbous roots need to be planted at least 9in. deep and sanded around as advised for Hyacinthus. In warmer districts Alstrœmeria pelegrina, a very beautiful species, may be grown. The Belladonna Lily, with its large, rose pink flowers, is always greatly admired when seen in flower, and spring is a suitable time for planting the bulbs. These need to go at least 9in. below the surface, and must be accommodated under the south wall of a warm greenhouse. When visiting Carrow Abbey during the autumn of 1912 I saw a fine display of this noble plant in a narrow border under the wall of one of the plant-houses, and the dainty little Zephyranthus candida was used as an edging. This is a low-growing bulbous plant with dark green leaves and fairy-like white flowers, and the effect created by the Belladonna Lilies and these was very charming. As the Zephyranthes can also be planted now, those who have suitable borders may care to arrange for a similar effect next autumn. I ought to mention, however, that the Belladonna Lily does not usually flower well the first year it is planted.

Although the corms of most hardy Cyclamen are planted in autumn, there are two which may be put in now, viz., C. neapolitanum and C. europæum. The former has rosy pink or white flowers, and the latter dainty little blossoms of crimson-purple hue. Both flower in autumn, appreciate overhead shade, and some old mortar or similar lime-containing material in the soil. Two inches is quite deep enough to plant these. Ranunculuses, at one time the treasures of many of our best gardens, are seldom seen nowadays, yet they embrace such vivid Oriental colours as we get in few other autumn flowers. The grotesque-looking roots are best planted in March or early April, in an open spot towards the front of the border, and if some well decayed cow manure can be mixed with the soil the plants will greatly appreciate its cool and nourishing properties. Poppy Anemones may also be planted at this season where late flowers are desired, although many prefer to consign them to the earth in autumn for an early summer display. For a sunny bed or border, and where the soil is well drained, but of a nourishing character, a few at least of the Tigridias ought to find a place. They have gorgeous flowers, of many bizarre hues, those in which yellow predominates being, perhaps, the most effective of all. The bulbs ought to be planted about 3in. deep early in April, and lifted again after all the leaves have faded.

F. W. H.

NOTES ON CATKINS.

There is promise of a good crop of Cob Nuts this year. Hazel woods are bright with golden catkins, and if all goes well, the plantations of Kentish Cobs and Filberts will make amends for the poor yields of last season. In the plantations of Kent the Nut trees are all grown in uniform shape. They are basin-like and level topped, and at first sight resemble indifferent examples of topiarian art. It is the result of restricted pruning



A SPRAY OF THE ALDER (*Alnus glutinosus*), A USEFUL TREE FOR DAMP PLACES.

and thinning, for the best Nuts are grown on the well ripened, twiggy growth away from the centre of the trees. Let it not for one moment be thought that the showy catkins will themselves be converted into nuts, for they are simply the pollen bearers, and after the golden dust-like pollen has been distributed by the wind, their work is completed and they fall off. To find the nut-forming or female catkins, one must look very closely, for they are small, almost microscopic, crimson flowers, invariably produced on well-ripened, twiggy branches. The Constantinople Hazel (Corylus Colurna) does not appear to be well known; it is a near relative to the Wood Nut, but it will reach a height of fifty feet. The catkins are long and freely borne, and impart quite an attractive feature at this season. The Nuts, which are about the size of Hazel Nuts, are borne in closely packed clusters of six or more, surrounded by curiously twisted husks. Not the least interesting of the catkin-bearing trees is the Alder (Alnus glutinosus), which produces both barren and fertile catkins. The former, long and drooping, are usually borne in the autumn, lasting through the winter, while the fertile ones are produced in spring in persistent oval catkins, resembling Fir cones in shape. It is interesting to observe that most catkin-bearing trees depend upon the wind for the distribution of pollen. This applies to the Oak, Birch, Alder, Poplar and Hazel, all producing pendent catkins, from which the powdery pollen is freely carried by the least puff of wind in fine weather. This is one reason why catkins are, as a rule, produced so early in the year, for in the absence of leaves the chances of fertilisation are increased. The Willow or Sallow, unlike the foregoing, does not produce pendent catkins, neither does it rely upon the wind for the distribution of pollen. Moreover, the catkins are scented, while the crowded stamens and yellow anthers are conspicuous from afar.

C. Q.



SHOOT OF THE CONSTANTINOPLE NUT (*Corylus Colurna*).



CATKINS OF THE ASPEN (*Populus tremula*).



A WILLOW SHOOT BEARING CATKINS (*Salis cinera*).

COVNTRY HOMES GARDENS OLD & NEW

HARTWELL HOUSE.—I.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE,

THE SEAT OF

MRS. EDWARD LEE.

TWO miles from Aylesbury on the road to Thame stands Hartwell House—an old house on an old road. For this is the ancient Port Way, and whatever the precise significance of that name may be, its antiquity is as manifest as that of the twin Icknield Ways which pursue their parallel courses on the upper and lower slopes of the neighbouring Chilterns. Hartwell is the first village out of Aylesbury, and from time immemorial there has been an important house here, with a generous expanse of park land stretching away towards the winding Thame, and large, rich, open meadows for which the Vale of Aylesbury is renowned. Whether Hartwell means the well of the hart or the well of the herdsman let learned authorities decide if they can; the Heralds have naturally inclined to the interpretation which enabled them to display a hart reclining in graceful but impossible attitude above the orifice of a well.

From the road the house is not visible, but a footpath through the park approaches sufficiently close to enable you to admire the unspoilt perfection of the old front. This is pure Elizabethan, built of stone which has weathered and mellowed to a soft grey, two storeys in height, up to the plain stone parapet which hides the windows of the third in the roof and a few stone vases to relieve its plainness. The projecting wings of the letter E are unusually shallow, and are no deeper than the porch. Then the eye rests with pleasure on the beauty of the oriel windows, rounded in the wings and above the porch, and square in the main building. These rounded windows, indeed, are the outstanding architectural feature. Their bases taper gracefully down to a point, richly ornamented in the case of the one over the porch, while a curious feature of the windows in the wings is that the lower panes are for show only, as may be seen by comparing the illustration of the exterior with that of the interior of the Elizabethan muniment room. Low down on the pilasters of the beautifully decorated porch may be distinguished the fleur-de-lys, evidently a play upon the name of the Lee who built the mansion. When Louis XVIII., the exiled King of France who, two centuries later, made Hartwell his home, alighted from his carriage, these fleurs-de-lys were the first things that caught his observant eye, and he welcomed the omen.

Such then is the old front of the house. But in the eighteenth century a new front was added, so to speak, at the back. Sir William Lee, the fourth baronet, built another mansion on to the old in the style of his period, with suites of elaborate apartments. Hartwell, therefore, is a curious blend of two periods, each quite distinct from the other and each complete in itself, for the later architect happily made no attempt whatsoever to conceal the join.

Most of the Elizabethan interior was sedulously improved away. But one important room, now used as the muniment room, was left almost untouched, and the illustration shows the fine original panelling and the magnificent carving over the stone fireplace. A small oak room also retains some of its original character, but the hall was stripped of its gallery and transformed according to the taste of the



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THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

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PORCH AND BAY.

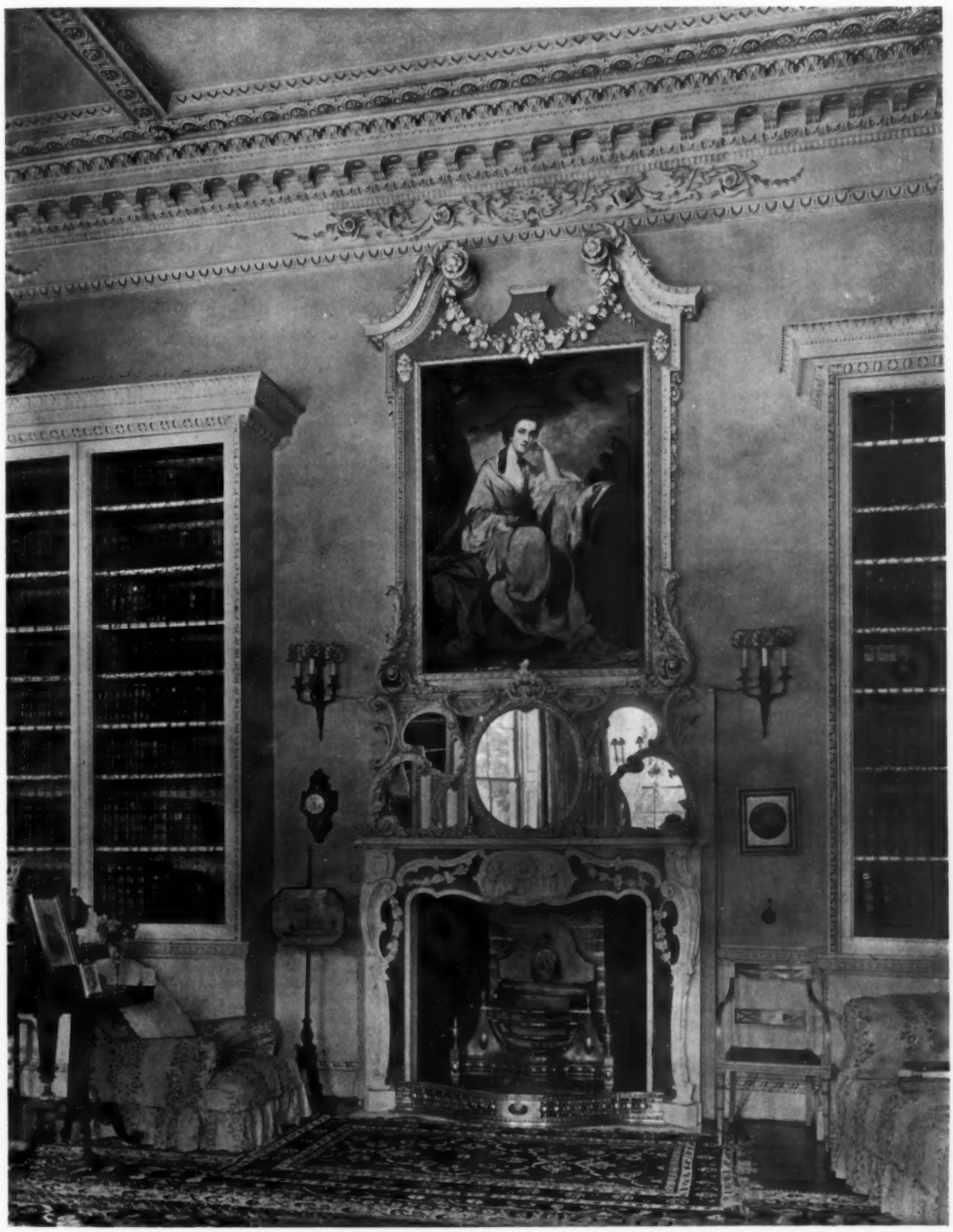
"COUNTRY LIFE."

eighteenth century. It retains its early proportions and is lit by a wide oriel window, but the splendours of the apartment, its fireplace, the mouldings on the ceiling, the choice panels of the walls, these are all of the eighteenth century at its best. Indeed, the charm of the interior of Hartwell is almost wholly that of the eighteenth century, as may be seen from the photographs of the exquisite drawing-room, with its great crystal chandelier, its gilt Chippendale furniture, its wonderful ceiling, and a mantel-piece and overmantel which are the very poetry of decorative art. Again, the library, superbly crowned by an exquisite Reynolds, and the small dining-room with its rounded end, bear the mistakable imprint of the choicest age of English elegance. Of the other features of the house one of the most curious is the oak staircase, elaborately and laboriously carved, with its pillared supports surmounted by twenty-four strange little figures, representing, in odd promiscuity, heathen gods and Christian men-at-arms, holding in their hands their various weapons and attributes. The figures are about two feet high and the effect is rather bizarre than pleasing. Where they came from is not known, but they are almost certainly of foreign origin. The story goes that when Louis XVIII. lived at Hartwell his Queen disliked the shadows which these figures cast and had them taken down. That the whole staircase does not show to greater advantage is the fault of its setting. It rises out of a passage and not out of a spacious hall.

There have been Lees of Hartwell for three hundred years. Before them, for nearly two centuries, stretched a long line of Hampdens, close kin to the patriot's family. Then, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, Dame Elinor Hampden, heiress of her house, married a son of Sir Thomas Lee, Knight, of Claydon and Morton in Dinton, and not only brought him a goodly estate, but bore him twenty-four children before her death in 1633. The Lees were a prolific race, who had spread widely and prosperously



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from their original home in Cheshire, and were already well known in the district in the families of the Lees of Quarrendon, near Aylesbury, the Lees of Woodstock and the Lees of Ditchley, of which last family Lord Dillon is the head.

When the Civil War broke out the Hampden connection drew the Lees to the Parliament side; and, indeed, the gentry of Bucks were in the main against the King. "The Rebellion was hatched in those hills," Beaconsfield once remarked at Hughenden, with a wave of the hand towards the Chilterns. But though Sir Thomas Lee, the eldest of Dame Elinor's sons, who married a grand-daughter of Sir John Suckling, whose portrait is in the dining-room, followed the Hampden lead at the outset, when Cromwell rose to power and domination, he was one among many who gradually drifted into opposition to the new régime, and wearied of the reign of the Saints. So, from being a lukewarm Parliamentarian, he became a zealous Royalist, worked hard for the Restoration, was duly rewarded in 1660 by a baronetcy and for thirty years, to his death in 1691, sat almost continuously as M.P. for Aylesbury, as did his son after him.

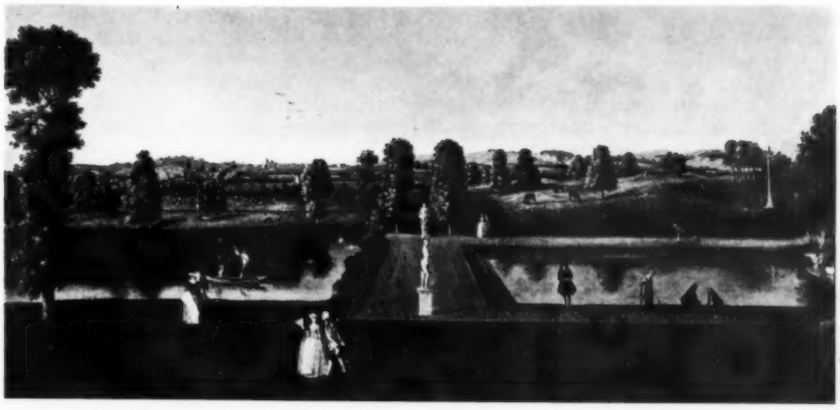
The chief distinction of the second baronet was that he had two remarkably clever sons. His second son, William, became Lord Chief Justice in 1737, in succession to Lord Hardwicke, and in 1754 he was Chancellor of the Exchequer for about the space of a month prior to his sudden death. He never spoke in the House of Commons, but was "a steady voter." It is recorded of him that he thought "good cheer and a merry, honest wife the best medicine,

and hospitality the best charity," and so he married twice, and founded a family of his own at Totteridge in Herts. His younger brother, George, was an even abler man than the Lord Chief Justice. He, too, was a lawyer, and became Dean and Judge of the Arches Court of Canterbury, but he is best known from his close association with Frederick Prince of Wales. While his brother was a King's man, he belonged to the rival Court, and the Prince in his more unguarded moments—which were many—used to toast Sir George Lee as his future Chancellor of the Exchequer. Many tokens still at Hartwell testify to this connection with Leicester House—a portrait of "Poor Fred," by Reynolds, another of Queen Caroline with her son, the young Duke of Cumberland, and, most interesting of all, a leaden equestrian statue, which stands in the grounds on a stone pedestal. That the most feather-brained of Princes should have been honoured with a statue of lead is one of the little ironies of Hartwell. When he died Sir George Lee went through his papers with the Princess, and burnt those which were considered indiscreet, and he afterwards became the Treasurer of the Princess's household. His papers are in the muniment-room—models of neatness, calligraphy and precision.

Sir George Lee, whom Horace Walpole described as "a grave worthy man, much a gentleman," enjoyed, like his brother, the momentary thrill of high preferment. But he also tasted the extreme bitterness of disappointment. The story is worth telling. In 1757, during one of the innumerable Ministerial crises of that period, the Duke of Newcastle sent for Sir George Lee and offered him the Exchequer. The offer was, of course, promptly accepted. But then, for some reason or other, the Duke changed his plans, and without letting Sir George Lee know that he had failed to form a Ministry, he handed over the task to another. So Lord Waldegrave in his "Memoirs" speaks of Sir George



"COUNTRY LIFE." THE STAIRCASE: UPPER FLIGHT. Copyright.















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PICTURES ILLUSTRATING THE OLD GARDENS AT HARTWELL.

Before their destruction by "Capability" Brown.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Lee "waiting in his best cloaths in hourly expectation of his being sent for to court to kiss the King's hand," and waiting in vain. It is hard to imagine a more galling mortification. Sir George did not marry, and left all his property to his nephew, the fourth baronet—a fact which explains the presence at Hartwell of Allan Ramsay's large portrait of Queen Caroline, with the young Duke of Cumberland, and sundry other Royal pictures.

This Sir William Lee, the fourth Baronet, who made Hartwell what it is to-day, married Lady Elizabeth, only daughter of Simon Earl Harcourt, of Nuneham. Her portrait, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is in the library, and was designed for the place of honour which it has ever since held. Lady Elizabeth is seated under a tree, leaning her head on her left hand, in the pensive attitude which well became a lady of sensibility, who was a poetess in a small way, and cultivated the arts and the Muses, and cultivated, too, a little secluded garden of her own, where her name, "E. LEE," is still grown in capitals of box which keep her memory green. No one who looks at that portrait will hesitate to convict Horace Walpole of being a spiteful libeller when he wrote a letter describing how his comfort, while on a visit to Nuneham in 1773, had been "a little damped by the constant presence of Sir William Lee and Dame Elizabeth his wife, with a prim Miss, whose lips were stuffed into her nostrils. They sate both upright like macaws on their perches in a menagerie and scarce said so much. I wanted to bid them call a coach. The morning and the evening was the first day, and the morning and the evening was the second day, and still they were just in their places." Probably, if the truth were known, Sir William and Lady Elizabeth stood in awe of the caustic, blistering tongue of the elderly Horace Walpole, and took refuge in what they thought the sure retreat of silence. Reynolds' charming portrait was painted at Hartwell. Sir Joshua came down from London and stayed in a little cottage—still called "Reynolds' Cottage"—at the edge of the park, and painted not only Lady Elizabeth, but two or three other members of the family. About the same time Mason was a frequent visitor—Mason who was the friend of Gray and wrote very pleasant verses on gardens, which were much admired in their day—and Whitehead, the Poet Laureate, who celebrated in verse Capability Brown's efforts at landscape gardening at Nuneham.

The further fortunes of the Lees and the association of Louis XVIII. of France with Hartwell will be described next week. F.



Copyright. FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES, IN LEAD. "COUNTRY LIFE."

A HISTORY OF THE KILDARE HUNT.

ONE'S first feeling on perusal of the above fascinating book by the Earl of Mayo and Mr. W. B. Boulton is one of regret that capable gentlemen in other counties in Ireland do not set to work and compile similar historical reminiscences of their Hunts to hand down to posterity. I believe at present Limerick is the only one in which an effort is being made—more is the pity. Probably Kildare, in addition to being able to produce data of a very early date, has also been more fortunate in the excellent diaries which have been kept by its sporting inhabitants, full of anecdote and incidents, to furnish details for a book, which can be read with interest by the non-hunting as well as the hunting fraternity. The work is divided into an "introduction" and eleven chapters, which deal with all matters relevant from the first century of our era to the conclusion of Sir Edward Kennedy's Mastership in 1874.

As regards the "introductory," it is full of items of interest, starting with the gift to Fraech of seven hounds which chased "seven stags, seven foxes, seven hares, seven boars and seven others in the presence of the King and Queen of Connaught," and it is evident that this pack, which appears to have been the earliest on record to hunt a fox, were entered as well to six other species of quarry. Coming to more historical times, Bartholomeeus Anglices wrote in 1266: "The Irish are contented with milk for drink, and are more addicted to games and hunting than to labour." The same would seem to apply to the present day, except the milk as a beverage, which is somewhat largely substituted for in our time.

Gifts of Irish hounds and references to their merits in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth show the high esteem in which the breed was held long prior to the beginning of the eighteenth century, when fox-hunting seems to have become permanently established both in England and Ireland. It seems certain that a Mr. Lowther kept hounds in Meath in 1740; Mr. Henry Wrixon of Ballygiblin, in Duhallow, 1745; Sir John Power of Kilfane, in Kilkenny about the same time, when also the two private packs of Mr. Thomas Conolly of Castletown

and Mr. William Ponsonby of Bishopscourt were operating in Kildare, though which of all these and others in different parts of Ireland holds the priority has not been actually ascertained. However, the letter, dated June 7th, 1777, from Mr. Thomas Thornton to Mr. Conolly, clearly shows that the latter was as early as this in using Belvoir blood, a custom which has been upheld by many of the best judges up to the present day. The value of money in 1782 is clearly set forth by the fact that £147 17s. 6d. was considered sufficient to establish the Ballylinan pack, while the rule that the Hunt uniform be brown drab cloth of Irish manufacture (with a cape of green velvet) shows the anxiety to support home products, which is still upheld, as much as possible, by the fox-hunting fraternity in Ireland.

The third chapter goes to show that in the first records of the Kildare Hunt Club, 1804, Sir Fenton Aylmer was Master, while Mr. Kildare Borrowes, acting as hon. treasurer, submitted Hunt accounts, etc., for 1805-1806, and the records for the following years prove that all matters had been put on a business footing when Sir Fenton Aylmer resigned in 1810, presenting his hounds to the country. He was succeeded by Mr. Arthur Henry of Lodge Park, who only remained in office two years. Though not mentioned in the present work, I believe it to be authentic that, during Sir Fenton Aylmer's Mastership, a Hunt servant who went into the kennel one night to quell a riot was torn to pieces by the pack, and a similar tragedy is said to have taken place in Galway during "the reign" of Mr. Persse of Moyoch—known as the Irish Meynell—grandfather of the late Mr. Burton Persse, Master of Foxhounds.

In 1814, Sir John Kennedy, known as the "Father of the Hunt," now entered on his Mastership, which lasted twenty-seven years, and for seventy-six of the years dealt with by Lord Mayo, a Kennedy of Johnstown was Master. The progress made during Sir John's time is very remarkable, for the number of coverts was increased from eighteen to forty-nine. This is, perhaps, the most interesting chapter, as it deals more with individual "*daring feats of horsemanship which were appalling*," and it was of this period that Lever wrote so characteristically, that an outing with the Kildares was a thing to be proud of. Coaching was the only mode of transit at this time, and the following lines are descriptive of what travellers had to put up with:

> Longford is a dirty hole,
> On Boyle I lave my curse;
> Athlone is the divil's place,
> And Mullingar is worse.
> One and all it makes no odds,
> They're all so very bad;
> But, d——n me if I ever see
> The likes of Kinregad.

Sir John Kennedy was succeeded in 1841 by Mr. John La Touche, who, ably assisted by his brother, Mr. William La Touche, showed great sport and vastly improved the Kildare hounds until the tragic death of a third brother (Mr. John La Touche) in the Grand stand at the Curragh Races in 1846, after which the two brothers never rode to hounds again. Mr. O'Connor Henchy, who followed, remained in office two years, and was succeeded by another member of the Kennedy family, namely, Mr. William Kennedy. During the latter's Mastership in 1850 we find the now celebrated Punchestown Steeplechase Meeting established, and the chapter also contains an admirable portrait of the late Marquess of Drogheda, to whom the great success of the meeting was mostly due. It does not seem to be necessary to deal in detail with the remaining Masterships recorded in this charming work so beautifully edited and printed in such clear type, which adds to the pleasure of reading it. Lord Mayo tells me that a page of corrections will shortly be added. ROBUSTO.



AN ITINERANT TOBACCO SELLER IN CAMP.

SPORT IN ALBANIA.

THE announcement that Prince William of Wied occupies the throne of Albania will give birth to some hope of sufficient tranquillity being restored to allow of shooting there again; at any rate, in that part of the country which is opposite Corfu. For two years this capital hunting ground has been closed to sportsmen while human warfare raged all around it, but



NINO CICCO, A FRIENDLY TURKISH CAMEL OWNER.

no fighting has taken place over the twenty or thirty miles of seacoast which offer the best and most get-at-able shooting, so the game has had a good rest, and, what is more, has probably been driven down from the disturbed regions into this quieter haven. It is easy to pass two or even three months in shooting the coverts round the harbours which are opposite Corfu, and four of these are such snug little anchorages that even an open boat would be perfectly secure. Cutters, small but well found, can be hired at Corfu, and are in every way adequate for this trip. The sea journey from Corfu to the farthest harbour is not more than eighteen miles, and to the nearest about eight, so as the little cutters sail well and the water is smooth, great pleasure is added to the trip from a sailing point of view. The scenery rather resembles Scotland; deep water and good holding are found



BACCHO—FORMERLY A BRIGAND, NOW A SHEPHERD.

all along, and, in fact, the little inlets are so snug and well masked by the mountains that a five-hundred-ton yacht can lay just inside and be quite hidden. About this time of year the snow comes down on the mountain tops and drives the woodcock to the warmer coverts on the coast, and very numerous they are; in fact, I should think it would puzzle anyone to find better woodcock shooting, go where they would! The marshes also teem with snipe, and some thousand duck, teal and the like flight in from the sea before stormy weather. Even the best shots, however, get but small bags at this game, fascinating as it is, for the "flight" lasts only thirty to forty minutes, and the surrounding land is so high that it is impossible to see the birds against it at dusk, while by waiting till they are right overhead, the chances are they see the sportsman first and soar up out of shot. Flocks of pelicans pay occasional visits to Burtrinto marsh, but I have never seen flamingo.

Besides bird-shooting, there is good sport for the rifle. The country teems with wild boar, and in a lesser degree with roe deer. I have seen as many as fourteen pig and seven deer come out of one covert. The local shepherds form up as beaters; from six to eight are enough to drive the coverts properly, but the more the merrier, and two francs a day is all they ask; the head beater, who places the guns and knows the run of the game, wants of course a little more. They are a wonderfully pleasant race to deal with, and in all the years I have known the country I have never heard of their giving any trouble to Englishmen. They fight freely among themselves, no doubt, and still more freely against the Turks, who ride rough shod over them and take their sheep and mules without so much as "by your leave." But the sylvan shepherd, as found in this particular region, is in every way a good fellow and entirely reliable if well treated. The only danger lies in getting mixed up in some local affray, as we did once, when the bullets flew freely over our heads, the Turks loosing off merrily, as is their little way! Obviously, alas! our sporting rifles must be a sore temptation to them.



A NATIVE BOY WITH OUR GUARD DOG.



A VERY OLD NATIVE WITH A BOY.



BEATER WITH TWO "PIG" DOGS.

I have had one of these ragged individuals come and sit down close to me while waiting for the beaters, and begged to be allowed to handle my rifle. Needless to say, I have never been quite so confiding! Flint locks were used by the Turkish soldiers who patrolled this coast until three years ago; four-feet barrels richly caparisoned with brass, firing huge spherical bullets, implements better suited to adorn a museum than to protect life in an uncivilised country. The treatment these guns received, moreover, was not conducive

to their shooting straight, as I once saw one of these Turks bang his gun down on the rock and jump on it, as a punishment for missing a hare! The "bashes" on the barrel bore witness to this being no unusual transaction. These representatives of law and order have by now been requisitioned on active service, and a good job too, as they merely extorted the wherewithal to support their useless lives out of the Albanian shepherds, until the latter got out of all patience, and within my personal experience three of these wretched Turks were murdered. The shepherds look to their dogs for protection as much as anything, and train them accordingly, so it is well to keep a good look-out for these brutes. Considering that they are as big as wolves—in fact, practically indistinguishable from them—it is no laughing matter when they set upon you three or four strong. But for sport such as there is in Albania, you must expect to take a few risks, and as it is obtainable from the fastness of your own yacht, with all the conveniences of civilisation close at hand, this country must be reckoned as offering very exceptional facilities for sportsmen. B. S. HUGHES.

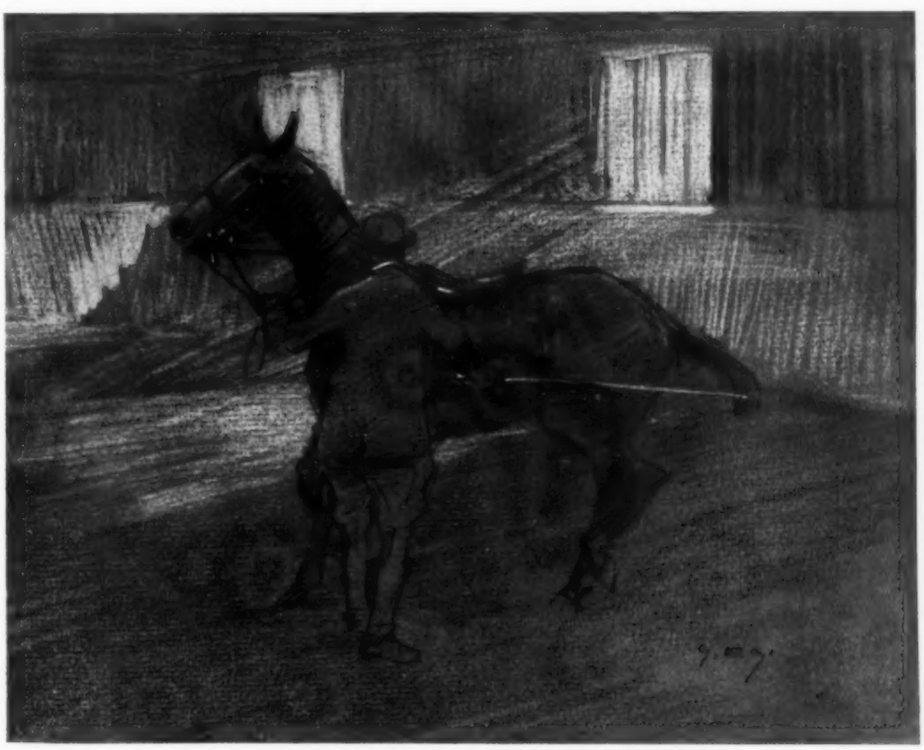
THE POLO PONY IN THE MAKING.

AT this time of year the minds of polo players are naturally turned to the question of all others most important in connection with their game, namely, the ponies on which they are going to play in the coming season. To the non-player it is almost impossible to appreciate the finer points of excellence which go to make the difference between good, better and best, and possibly the most illuminating fact to him lies in the prices paid for the latter. "Money talks," as the American says, and certainly in this case there could be no more convincing argument to illustrate the difference as estimated by the players themselves, who should be the best judges. Few casual onlookers at the game have any idea of the care and trouble which are lavished in the attempt to produce the perfect pony, and the five or six hundred pounds which he hears of having been given for a single individual seems like very easily made money. This, however, is not really quite so in actual fact, as a very small percentage ever reach the first rank and corresponding value, while much time and trouble are spent on a large number of comparative failures. Thinking that, from the outsider's point of view, a slight description of the early training might be of interest, these notes are written.

If one wishes to see the hunter at his best, it is well known that he will be found in the Midlands; and it chances that a large proportion of the highest-class polo ponies also at present emanate from there. The brothers Millar, among the first and most successful trainers of ponies, have been long established at Rugby, where, at the club originated and carried on by them, polo, little, if any, short of the excellence of the best played in London, may be seen during the season, and I think I may say that theirs is the most successful provincial club extant. Mr. Drage also trains some of the highest-class ponies, and at Mr. Balding's at Hilmorton are produced the most finished performers that care and the art of breaking can produce.



A LESSON IN "FLEXING" THE NECK.

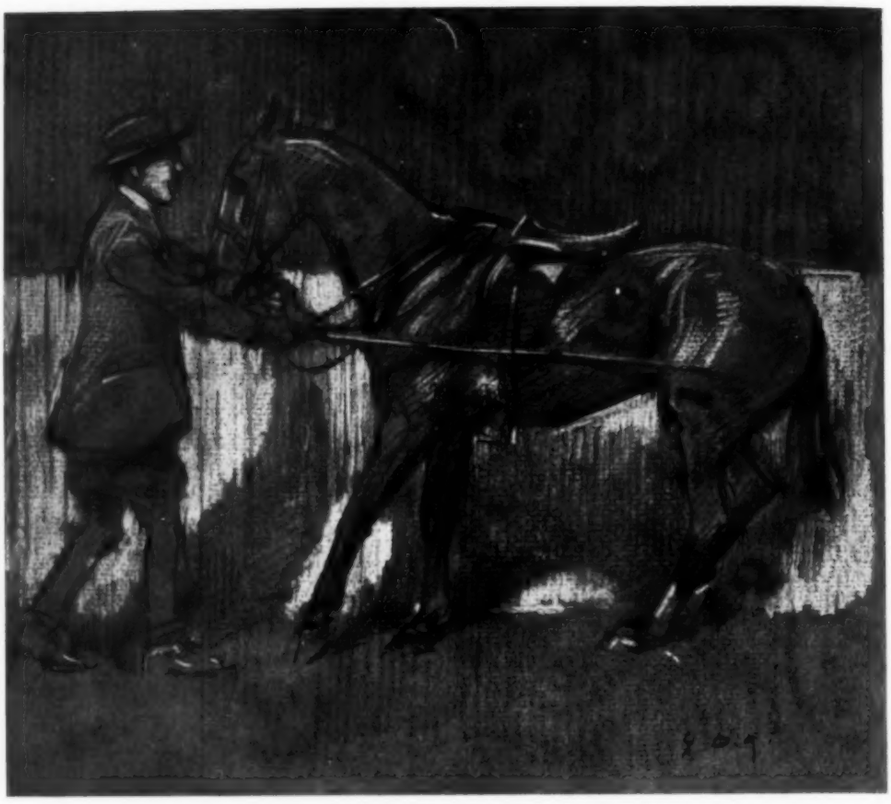


A FIRST LESSON IN OBEDIENCE TO THE "AID."

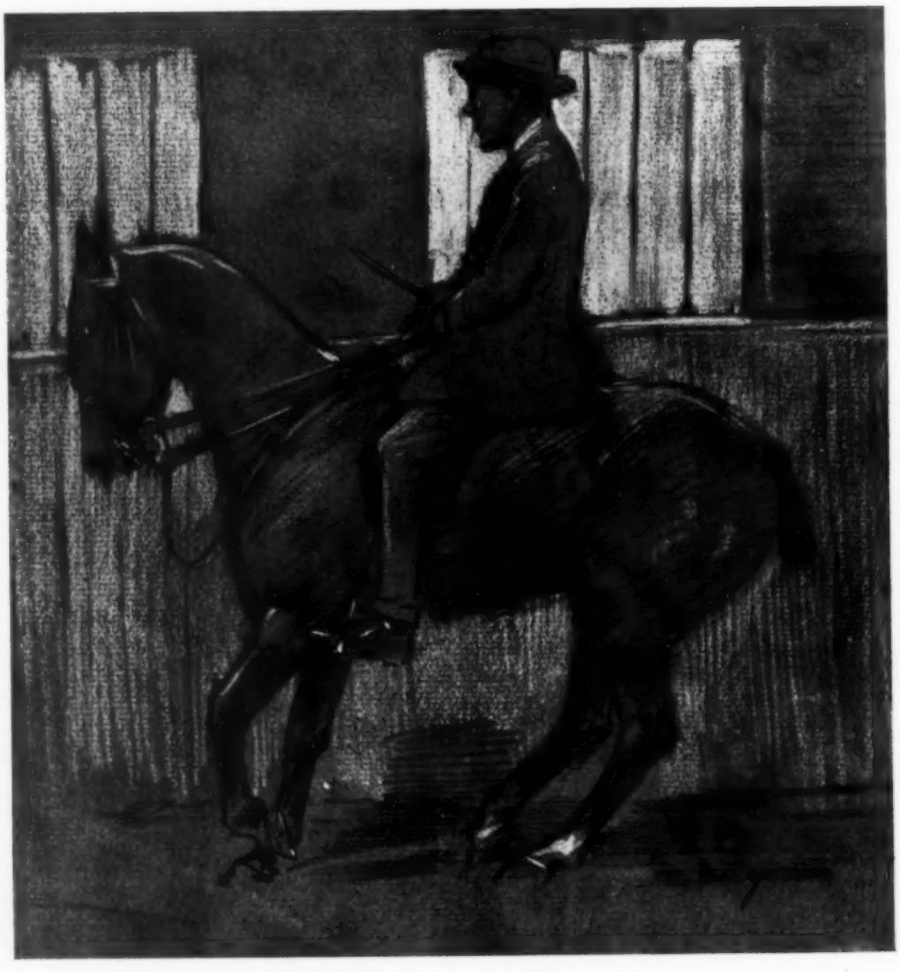
Naturally, the systems of different trainers vary, and to give an account of all the different methods would be impossible in the scope of notes like these; but, as illustrating some of the most up-to-date principles, I have tried to note down as nearly as possible

those of Mr. Balding, to whom I am indebted for a most interesting demonstration. It may be a shock to the insular mind, but among the first facts elicited was that much of the system had been learned from the Continental masters of equitation, modified by experience and the conditions required. The ponies which come there have generally played before, and are bought from smaller men who are good horsemen, but have not the requisite facilities for training the now highly finished article, this being only possible of attainment with the aid of a school for the purpose. Promising subjects are given a year's steady training in the school, and Mr. Balding says that he would like to give them two years, but that the demand would not allow of so much time being spent. It had always been my belief that the use of long reins entered largely into the early lessons, and I believe that some trainers do to a certain extent still use them; among others, Mr. J. Goldsmith, who owned and trained the once-famous Cob Nut, believes in their use in the earlier stages. At Hilmorton, however, this is not so; they are not believed in, the reason given being that in using long reins the head was turned to the side indicated before the hinder part, thus causing the opposite effect to that desired, namely, that all turning should be done on the hind legs instead of on the fore-hand; also, that under all circumstances the head should be carried in a straight line with the body. To attain this, the early lessons are conducted by the instructor standing on the ground by the pony's shoulder and holding the reins above his withers close together, so that perfect control could be kept over the position of his head, and any side movement desired is indicated by a pressure of the rein on that side of the neck opposite to the direction in which the movement is required.

Another early lesson is, teaching the pupil to rein back in a straight line; this is also conducted from the ground.

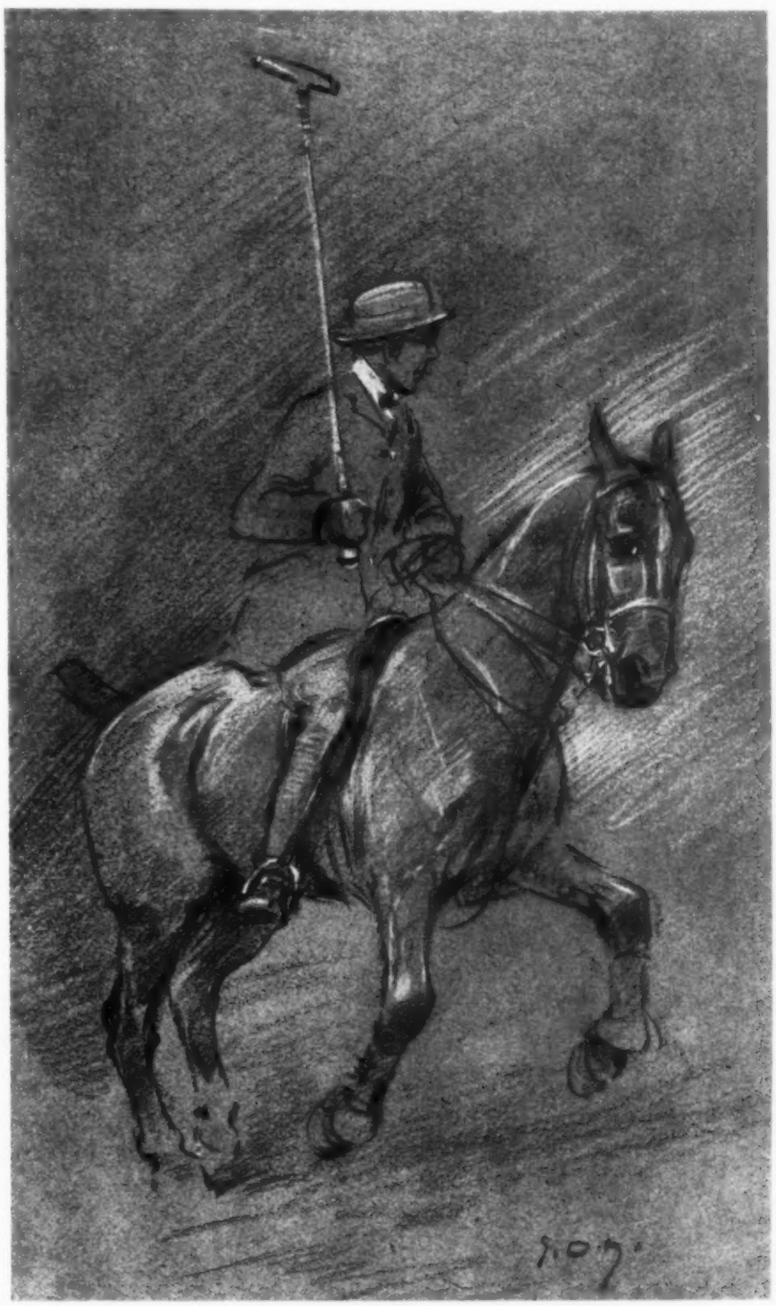


REINING BACK, PRELIMINARY LESSONS.



REINING BACK (A TRAINED PONY).

the pony being brought alongside the wall of the school and backed by pressure on the bit while being kept to the line of the wall by a headless polo stick held along his side. Early lessons in heeding the "aids" (the leg pressed in and back to the pony's side) are also given from the ground, when he is taught by touching on one side with the same stick to travel sideways away from the pressure. "Flexing the neck" was another foot-lesson—if one may so characterise them, in distinction from other riding instruction. In this, the snaffle-reins are taken forward in one hand across the nose, while those of the curb are held behind the neck, and the subject is taught to carry his head and bend his neck in exactly the way indicated by the reins; the two, acting in contrary ways, can be applied according to the exact requirements, this position of the head being considered of the greatest importance; the care and trouble of it is never relaxed in any portion of the education, and perfection was illustrated for my benefit in the case of a finished pony being ridden practically without the use of the reins, these being held only by the extreme end of the loop, while the pony was made to change legs, turn, start and stop, with only such slight indication from the reins as could be conveyed when held in this way, added to those of the rider's legs, "the aids." Of course, most of the education is done by riding, and it is here that Mr. Balding's system begins to differ from the Continental methods. Dealing with the reins, to begin with, most of the Continental riders use two hands; this I have myself observed in the case of the most expert Austrian riders, who train the Emperor of Austria's school horses in the "Old Spanish" school riding; by them, three reins are held in the left and one, the off-side snaffle, in the right hand.



STARTING IN A CANTER, LEADING WITH NEAR FORE LEG.

In the case of the polo pony, however, everything must be done with one hand, and it is considered best that this should be so done from the first. In the training as carried on at Hilmorton, once the preliminary lessons are mastered, nearly everything is done by the use of the rider's legs. Take, for instance, the start from a standstill; the pony is required to start *in a canter*, leading with, say, the off fore leg. Collected by the reins, his rider slightly draws back and presses in his left leg and gives him "the office" at the same time; if he has learned his lesson he canters off, leading with the off fore-leg, and changing it to the near as often as indicated by the pressure of that leg of his rider opposite to the side with which he is desired to lead. As any horseman will understand, a horse, in turning to the right or off side, leads with that fore-leg. Some might say that applying the aid on that side would help to kick the hind part round the quicker, and so it might, but he would be turning on his forehand and unbalanced to a great extent, whereas in the other way the change seems to begin with the hind legs, which unquestionably are better able to stand the strain, and the action is carried on automatically in sequence by the change in front.

Turning to front first, or "following his nose," would have another drawback, which also brings us back to the question of position of the head; that is, when one player is "riding off" another, if his pony will only follow his nose, all he can get in the way of weight to apply to his opponent is at best only the much lighter fore-end of his pony instead of all the weight and leverage obtained from the quarters and hind legs.

It goes without saying that little can be expected unless the trainer is a good horseman, with fine hands and, one might add, a perfectly controlled temper, as failure of any of these might in a moment undo the work of months. Violence must never be resorted to, and the unreasoning obstinacy sometimes encountered must be met by reasoned determination. The effect of the school in shutting out all distracting influences and allowing of complete concentration upon the matter in hand makes this training possible, and greatly lessens the inclination to resistance in those early stages. At a later stage other ponies are introduced, and each is taught to act independently of his neighbour and as indicated by his rider, instead of in the style of follow my neighbour—so natural to all animals and not unknown to human nature.

From the school the pupil is promoted, as his requirements indicate, to cantering games outside, and by progressive stages he comes to the time when he is launched into public life and either prove himself the brilliant success it is hoped, and possibly to earn the distinction of bringing the "record price," or to settle into his place of mediocrity as a "useful pony." Alas! more often than not the latter is the result, as the thousand and one qualities that go to make the great pony, like the great man, are seldom met with in one individual. At any rate, the modern trainer, such as I have described, can say, like the fond father of young hopeful: "I'm given him a good education anyway." The excellent photographs which H.I.H. the Crown Prince of Germany graciously sent to COUNTRY LIFE show what Germany is doing for her remounts. G.

HADRIAN'S VILLA.

Almond-blossom overhead
Jewelling a pearl-grey sky;
Fresh upon the storied ground
Royal purple, richly spread—
Violets, a carpet meet
For an Emperor's weary feet!
Rose and jacynth, all around
Ruined walls where lizards lie
While the quiet hours slip by;
Life and Death at one: even so
Cæsar found them long ago!

ANGELA GORDON.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

FIFTY YEARS OF GOLF: FIRST DAYS AT ST. ANDREWS.

I HAVE always had, and always shall retain, a very lively and grateful recollection of the kindness with which all the local members of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club and others at St. Andrews received me when I first went up there, a Sassenach among the Scots. I was very fortunate in my host, Logan White, and found there also others that I had known in the South—Harry Everard, most keen of golfers and best of all judges of the game; Victor Brooke, most eager, most charming and most Irish of Irishmen, and many others who had been old friends of my boyhood at Westward Ho! Besides, there were many who retained a memory and an affection for my Uncle Fred, whose locker, with his name upon it, was still in the big room. I took possession of it as a heritage, though he still had many good years of life left in him at that date. I well remember, too, that at one of the first dinner-parties I went to at St. Andrews, at the most hospitable house of Captain "Dan" Stewart, Mr. Wolfe Murray greeted me warmly, saying that he had known my grandfather, who, as he affirmed, would say that he had "the best left leg in Bond Street, and," added Mr. Wolfe Murray, "I think my left leg is better than my right." He was gloriously arrayed in the dining dress of the Queen's archers, which permitted a display of legs; but this story of a day when legs were so draped as to be critically admired in Bond Street took the mind's eye back a long way. The point of my grandfather's claim, however, as to the beauty of his left leg was that the symmetry of the right had been somewhat spoilt by a French musket ball.



CAPTAIN BUNBURY.

A MATCH WITH TOM KIDD.

And the kindliness that I met with, from many who had not any of these special links, was not to be forgotten—Mr. Gilbert Mitchell Innes, Mr. Balfour, the father of Leslie—now Balfour-Meville—Mr. Whyte-Melville, to whose surname the former succeeded, and very many more. Gilbert Innes was still, I think, the best golfer of all those named, and David Lamb and Jim Blackwell were about the best of the actual residents. Leslie Balfour came over from Edinburgh, and I had many good matches with him. But on my first arrival there I found that a match had already been made for me by Victor Brooke, that I should play Tom Kidd, at that moment thought to be playing the best game of all the professionals at St. Andrews, receiving the odds of a third from him. Tom Kidd had been champion some ten years before, but, champion or no, I had no idea, at that time of day, of being beaten by anybody, professional or otherwise, at odds of a third. Besides, I had come rather fresh from a small triumph at Westward Ho! Somebody had made up a little purse for the three Allan brothers to play for, and in order to make an even number I had been asked to play with one of them. The prize was for the lowest score, and I was a proud man when I came in with the best score of the four. We had no formal definition of an amateur in those days, but in any case I should not have wished to take the prize, which,

indeed, I do not suppose would have been given me. This small victory put me into fairly good conceit with myself in respect of this match. I remember that I went out the first nine holes in 42, which does not sound very grand nowadays, but was respectable then, and sufficiently good to work up Tom Kidd into elaborate explanations as to how impossible it was to give a third to a score of that kind. I won an easy and inglorious victory, which would not be worth mentioning except to show the estimate likely to be made at St. Andrews at that time of the probable form of an English amateur in comparison with that of one of the native professionals.

OLD TOM'S INDIAN SUMMER.

Just about that time, that is to say, 1883, Old Tom, who had been playing for him very poorly, began to enjoy a delightful Indian summer of his golf, which gave the old man and all the many who were fond of him immense delight. I do not mean to say that I suppose him to have played anything like the game of his best days. I could generally beat him, but he would always play me level and liked to gamble heavily. Generally there was a dozen balls on the match, and a dozen on the score, for we used to keep the scores too, and often a dozen that I didn't, and another dozen that he didn't, go round in some set figure, say, 87. A dozen balls meant only a dozen shillings in those days, but the number he was owing me soon arrived at huge figures. However, I used to knock the debt off his playing fee, and he was perfectly happy, and so was I, in the arrangement. He was very methodical, invariably half filling the bowl of a short-stemmed and ancient clay pipe as he hit off to the Short Hole Going Out and knocking out its ashes as we came to the Short Hole Coming In, and that was all the smoke he ever took till the match was over.

THE STONEMASONS OF ELIE.

Immediately after my first autumn medal came a message from Elie and Earlsferry: "Would any pair at St. Andrews give a match in a foursome to a couple of stonemasons from Elie?" Leslie Balfour asked me if I would play with him against them. I knew I was not in good form, and I do not think that he was either, but still we said we would play them. They came over, and seemed very nice young fellows indeed. The name of one was Douglas Rolland, and that of the other Jack Simpson. We had never heard of them before. We continued to think them very nice young fellows until the ninth hole, at which point we were two up. The truth is, the masons had not got their hammers going at all. But we did not know that. On the way home we began to doubt whether they were as nice as we thought. Rolland began hitting the ball to places where we had never seen it hit before, and Simpson followed up so well that they were reaching with a drive and an iron holes that it was scarcely decent to approach in this metallic way. They were "gutty" balls, mind, which did not fly away off the irons like the rubber-cores. They finished that round to the good of us, and in the afternoon made us look very foolish indeed. I do not think that Leslie or I ever got over that match till we read the result of the Open Championship, played very shortly afterwards at Prestwick. It went: "Jack Simpson first, Douglas Rolland second." After that we could make a better reply when we had to listen to the kind enquiries of friends as to "what sort of golfers are the stonemasons of Elie? Are they any good?"

ROLLAND *v.* JOHN BALL.

I think, but am not sure, that it must have been in the interim between that match of ours and the Championship that there was a great home-and-home match, with something of a Scotch and English flavour about it, got up between Douglas Rolland and Johnny Ball. Captain Willy Burn wrote me an account of the first part of the match at Elie, which he went over from St. Andrews to see, and one of the phrases in it I remember now: "Both men drove like clockwork." It seems that Rolland, for all his great hitting, had nothing the better of Johnny, who was a very fine driver in his youth, in that respect, but hole after hole went from Johnny on the putting green. He came to Hoylake, for the second half of the match, no less than nine holes to the bad. The local people said that he would pick it all up on his own green. But he did not; on the contrary, he lost more holes. Then on the following day a second match was arranged—of thirty-six holes, all to be played on his own Hoylake. Of course, he must have started with the moral effect of his previous hammering still deeply impressed upon him, but his friends still had all confidence in him. And he seemed to justify it grandly, playing such a fine game that he was five up and six to play, and the match was virtually, as probably Rolland himself deemed, over, when suddenly he struck a very bad streak, lost hole after hole until all the lead was gone, and Rolland, winning the last hole too, actually won this extraordinary match. H. G. H.

CAPTAIN BUNBURY.

CAPTAIN Bunbury is the very enthusiastic secretary of the St. George's Hill Club, and is just at present watching with passionate solicitude to see how some of the alterations to the greens are faring. They are, in fact, faring, as far as I can see, extremely well, and that the changes have been made as quickly as they have is eloquent of the hard work of all concerned. These modifications of some of the original greens, notably the second and twelfth, which are both now excellent holes, has given the course just what it wanted, and when, a month or so hence, the players in the London Amateur Foursomes come to St. George's Hill, they will find it very good golf, though never at all easy, and occasionally on the verge of being exasperating. This is wandering rather far from Captain Bunbury, but he is so keen upon his course that the one subject suggests the other. Apart from his secretarial virtues, he is a sound and steady player, with a handicap of two and a very short swing that sends the ball not at all a short way; in fact, an eminently desirable partner in a foursome, and what more than that can be said for any man?

CAMBRIDGE TRIUMPHANT.

The victory of Cambridge at Sunningdale last Saturday deserves more than the ordinary and passing mention. It seems to me to constitute the best achievement on the part of any University golf team since the great days of the Oxford side of 1900, who used to mow down all who crossed their path. I remember that in 1901, when Oxford were still very strong, though they had lost one or two of their champions, they came to play us at Woking, and we, very unexpectedly, sent them home again thoroughly well beaten. When the last of the cabs containing our visitors had vanished round the corner, we could restrain our triumphant joy no longer, but danced a gloating fandango on the last green. That we should be so very much pleased with ourselves was a compliment to Oxford, such as is not often paid to-day by London teams to their University visitors, for the London sides look forward to these encounters, as a rule, with a very complacent calmness, usually justified by results. Therefore it was really splendid to see Cambridge not merely beating but thrashing Sunningdale by seven matches to a solitary one. And, moreover, Sunningdale had anything but a weak side—Mr. Norman Hunter (who was the solitary winner), Mr. Taylor, Mr. Osmund Scott, Mr. Arnold Read, Mr. Spencer and Mr. Smirke. Far from being weak, it was exceedingly strong, and the men of Cambridge are entitled to chortle over their victory to their hearts' content. B. D.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

HATCHING CATERPILLARS.

PACKARD, in his "Text-book of Entomology," in the paragraph on the process of hatching, seems to imply that the hatching spines of caterpillars are always on the head or thorax. Hence I should be very interested to learn whether any of your readers have observed the emergence of a caterpillar from the egg, similar to that which I shall now describe. Some time ago I gathered in Manila the eggs of an unknown papilio butterfly. About two hours before one of them hatched a slight back-and-forward movement could be observed within the egg against the lower half of the shell. Soon a small opening appeared which grew till a knife-shaped spine appeared in the hole. On examination with a hand lens this spine proved to consist of a number of bristles cemented together. When the egg was cut about half round another spine appeared and this, too, was made up of bristles closely joined together, and then it was recognised that they were the bifurcated tail spines of a newly hatched papilio rumanzovia. More and more of the body continued to appear till in about half an hour the head finally emerged. The same happened with all but one of the eggs, which had not been laid symmetrically, so that the hole cut by the tail spines was not large enough, and the head, the largest part of the caterpillar, could not pass through the opening. The larva struggled ineffectually for about twenty minutes, but had finally to be cut out, after which it thrived well and healthily. I was always under the impression that the egg-bursters were placed on either head or thorax, and hence was much surprised to see the tail spines emerge first, and on that account I watched the more carefully.

SALT-WATER TADPOLES.

Till I came to Manila I always thought that amphibians required fresh water for their development, and that salt water acted very much like a poison. I have looked up the subject in several books and one of them at least positively declares that salt water is a barrier which they cannot pass, while the others seemed to imply the necessity of fresh, or at least of non-salt, water for the development of the young. On all the western boundary of Manila there are small ditches or creeks opening into the sea and affected by the tide in such sort that the water is quite saline for about one hundred metres. At low water there are a number of little pools of salt water along the mud banks of these ditches, and here I have seen on at least two different occasions freshly hatched tadpoles. I do not know enough about them to say to what species they belonged, though I am positive they were frog tadpoles and that they had been hatched in water that was distinctly saline to the taste. What became of them and whether they lived to a ripe old age I cannot say, though I once saw a few tadpoles in the pools decidedly old—at least five or six days. R. E. B.

HOW TO PROTECT MIGRATORY BIRDS AT THE LIGHTHOUSES.

The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, with the co-operation of the Trinity House authorities, is about to re-erect perches and racks on certain of the lighthouses on our coasts to assist in preserving the lives of our migratory birds. Such protective appliances already exist at St. Catherine's in the Isle of Wight and at the Caskets; but as they were only erected late last year, after the spring migration had taken place, their

efficiency has not yet been fully tested. There is, however, good reason to believe that they will prove a source of salvation to many birds, and the results are so encouraging that it is proposed to extend the system to other lighthouses in the direct line of migration. The apparatus is the invention of Professor Thijsse and was first tried by him at the Terschelling Lighthouse on the Frisian Islands, where it proved an immense success. Observations show that certain species of birds fly directly at the lantern and kill themselves, while others circle about it till they become exhausted and fall into the gallery of the lighthouse or into the sea. The cost of installation is considerable, amounting in some cases to nearly £100; but it is hoped, if sufficient subscriptions are forthcoming, to continue the work, and all bird lovers are invited to aid by sending donations to the society. The serious diminution in the numbers of our most useful insectivorous birds, such as willow-warblers, chiff-chaffs and wood-wrens, etc., is, no doubt, caused by the heavy death roll which takes place on migration, and the increase in insect pests is largely due to the toll at present taken by our lighthouses. O. G.

CLEGS.

The genus tabanus, of which our British horse-flies, Scotch clegs and the West African mangrove flies are representatives, is of cosmopolitan distribution; a species of the genus occurs so far south as Tierra del Fuego, while others extend far north to the borders of the Arctic regions. There are some nine hundred species already known, and doubtless many more remain to be discovered. These flies have earned an ill famed notoriety through their blood-sucking habits, and while their attacks are mostly confined to domestic animals, they do not hesitate to attack man. Only the females suck blood; the males, since their mouth parts do not admit of blood sucking, subsist on the pollen of flowers and are seldom found with the females. The excellent photograph, here reproduced, shows a male tabanus with pollinia attached to legs and proboscis; such pollinia have, certainly on one occasion, been mistaken for an integral part of the insect to which they have become attached, since a well known entomologist, in describing a tropical American species, referred to the "tawny palpi"—it has since been discovered that the "palpi" are two fine pollinia. The early stages of tabanus are passed in damp places; thus the eggs are laid on leaves of water plants, and the resulting larvæ live in mud or damp earth, feeding on any snails or worms they may find in the vicinity; the pupæ are to be found in similar situations, whence they work their way to the surface by means of the circlets of bristles on their bodies when the time for hatching arrives. Fortunately there is no evidence as yet that any species of tabanus is a regular disseminator of any micro-organism pathogenic to man; though the results of recent experimental work have proved the importance of these flies in the direct transmission of trypanosomiases affecting domestic animals. G. M. W.



TABANUS WITH POLLINIA OF ASCLEPIAS SYRIACA ATTACHED TO FEET AND PROBOSCIS.

BADGERS.

In reading the most recently published book dealing with one of the most interesting British mammals ("The Life and Habits of the Badger," by J. Fairfax Blakeborough, the *Foxhound* Office), we were disappointed to find that the old question of the period of gestation of the badger is as far as ever from being answered. It seems to be quite certain that the young are usually produced in the spring or summer (though we have seen newly-born young in September), but the rest of their breeding habits are wrapped in mystery. Badgers are so comparatively numerous in this country that we would like to suggest to some naturalist, who has time and opportunity, that he should capture some young badgers this spring and bring them up in the most favourable surroundings with a view to solving, once and for all, this vexed question. It may be hoped that this book will have the effect of adding to the badger's friends. His chief enemy at the present time is the gamekeeper; but the more enlightened among them are beginning to see that the badger's occasional sins are of very small account. Badgers are very likely a nuisance to earth-stoppers, but, on the other hand, they provide very roomy and cleanly homes for the foxes.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A RARE BIRD IN LONDON.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—The greater spotted woodpecker is not generally considered to be a London bird; nevertheless, a pair have taken up their abode in a garden within half a mile of Kensington High Street Station. During several days in February they were busily occupied in boring a nesting-hole in a tree in spite of the attacks of starlings, which attempted to oust them. When the hole was finished they departed, but it is hoped that they will return later. The Society for the Promotion of Nature Reserves will be glad to know that there is a nature reserve so near the heart of London. Perhaps some of your correspondents can tell me whether this bird has nested in the metropolitan area in recent years.—W.

NESTING HABITS OF NIGHTJARS.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Does the nightjar sit on its eggs or does it tuck one under each wing? I have watched them, and think they incubate differently to other birds. Of two nests that I found, one was on absolutely bare ground under a spruce fir, and the other on a bare rock, except for lichen and surrounded by heather. The latter one I frequently observed, and am nearly certain the bird dropped the eggs when flushed.—C. J. Leyland, Haggerston, Northumberland.

[We have never heard that the nightjar incubates its eggs by tucking them one under each wing. We have very frequently flushed a nightjar from the nest and in every case the two eggs have been left close together, as they would be if the bird had been sitting on them in the usual manner. It is possible that if the bird is very suddenly startled and flushed, she may scatter the eggs and give them the appearance of having been dropped. Our correspondent is so well known as a naturalist that we do not say it cannot be, but we should like further evidence.—Ed.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

"WHALES AND POLAR BEARS."

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—A correspondent writes that "whales and Polar bears are the last mammals that man will exterminate." I have the correspondence in Country Life in which writers suggest that whales are being exterminated, and that Government should legislate accordingly. I refer particularly to letters in your issue of February 21st, which, if you will allow me to say so, is an extremely interesting number. And I marvel at their confidence, at the enormous amount of information they must have to give them the assurance to advise our Government in regard to protective legislation for the future whaling industry of the world! For the subject is so vast, far more vast than any problem in regard to the protection of any animals on land. Buffaloes on the plains we can exterminate or multiply, but to kill out whales or increase their numbers in the wide oceans is, either way, a proposition beyond the powers of man. Polar bears and whales, I believe, will never be exterminated by human agency; their sanctuaries are so wide and unsearchable. Before attempting to make close seasons, or indeed any restrictions, on the whale hunting of all the oceans our Government, in my opinion, should spend some years studying whales in these oceans. Private research has done something in this direction. I have only lately returned from a successful expedition in search of whales and new whaling grounds in our small vessel, the St. Ebba, which we built especially for this purpose—the latest type of modern whaler, schooner rigged, Diesel motor, 110ft. in length, a perfect sea boat, capable of encircling the globe at ten knots without once calling for oil, water or provisions. Such a vessel the Government might well employ, with a staff of accurate observers to study the habits of whales before attempting to make International restrictions on the industry. In this vessel last year we discovered immense numbers of whales in a part of the ocean where no Government knew of their existence, and where the finner whales have never been hunted. Your correspondent, and writers in other papers, declare that, owing to the numbers being killed, whales are sure to be exterminated. One might as well say that humanity is going to be exterminated because of the trouble in Mexico, that herrings are being exterminated because of an increased catch, in certain places last year! True it is that the annual bag of whales increases year by year, but it does not at all follow that there is the least prospect of their being exterminated. They may grow scarce at certain points where they are over-fished, as at the South-east of Africa, where they have grown shy and keep clear of the shore stations. See a map of the modern whaling stations of the world. But the small bags these stations have lately made does not show that whales are on the decrease in regard to numbers in all seas. Last year the total catch of the whales in the world amounted to from 22,000 to 25,000 of all kinds. It sounds like a tremendously big catch; but consider the vast number of whales in all the oceans! There must be many millions. A whaling captain, who has perhaps hunted in one part of the ocean, will venture, at a rough guess, to estimate their number at 2,000,000 or 3,000,000. Another, who has perhaps been further afield and hunted whales in various oceans, will put the number down at 10,000,000 to 12,000,000. Personally I would put down a larger figure, as I have seen and hunted whales in the North, in the South and in the Sub-Tropics. But take for argument that there are only 1,000,000 finners, or half of the lowest estimate—I refer merely to the large finner whale, Balænoptera, hunted to-day by the modern whaling industry—and, say, only a quarter of these are cows, and that they have only one calf every two years, *i.e.*, 250,000 cows would produce annually 125,000 calves. As against this production, last year's catch only amounted to 24,000 whales! Besides this, all whalers believe that cow whales calve yearly, and we know for certain that they often produce two calves. Indeed, a finner whale was captured a few years ago containing seven embryos. Perhaps we are, then, safe in saying there are produced annually 250,000 finners and there are captured 24,000. But besides these finners which we kill to-day there are many other kinds of whales which are not yet hunted, or even named by science. I have seen, for example, millions of a smaller kind of finner whale, the name of which I cannot ascertain; there is no description of it in any book on whales. These whales, about 20ft. in length, I have seen passing south towards the Antarctic ice edge hour after hour. They spread over the whole sea, north, south, east and west. You could see their heads and the white foam as they travelled rapidly southwards, an innumerable army; and, again, I have seen similar multitudes passing a few months later slowly northwards, each cow accompanied by its calf. That was in 1892 and 1893, on an old style of whaler, a sailing barque with small whale boats. Since then, on other whalers, old style and modern small steamer whalers, I have seen countless whales in other oceans that are unhunted by modern methods. Years ago the Greenland right whale was hunted far more severely than the finner is to-day, and it is anything but extinct. It is, however, enjoying a prolonged natural close season, the result of its having learned to take care of itself and to our having learned how to kill its big brother, the finner, in the large oceans. That old style of whalebone fishery was confined to a limited area of ocean in the colder regions. In the year 1750 300 vessels hunted the whalebone or right whale (Mysticatus), and killed 30,000 to 40,000 annually, and yet they survive. A friend of mine counted over forty in one lot there years ago; he could not approach these, however, close enough to harpoon them, for they had learned how to protect themselves and kept easily at a safe distance inside the ice-floes. Similarly, the Biscayensis or Nord-capper, a smaller whalebone whale that used to be hunted on the eastern coasts of Europe, was said to be exterminated; but it also survives; we have captured numbers of these in recent years round our own coasts—North of Shetland and West of Ireland. Your correspondent says: "Let us legislate." I say: "Let us pause and consider." I have listened soporifically to the profound utterances of the greatest anatomist of the world, the Principal of the University of this Metropolis of the North, on the anatomy, organism and habitat of these most interesting cetaceans. I have been fed up for years with yarns from whaling skippers—have acted as boat steerer, stroke and harpooner on old-style wind-jammer whalers and the modern quick little iron steam whaler that equals a shellback or hardy sea-bird for rapid motion. I have drawn, painted and killed whales, seen them love-making, flying from their enemies the grampus or Orca, seen them feeding and in luxurious repose, and in their death throes; north, south, in the Arctic, Antarctic and Sub-Tropics, and feel that I am just on the edge of knowledge, so vast is the subject! Therefore, these notes, which, if they come before the eyes of one of our legislators, may cause him to pause and consider before he legislates.—W. G. Burn Murdoch.

[On this letter we have received the following comment: "Mr. Burn Murdoch advocates further investigation into the habits of whales before any international restrictions be placed on the industry. We are entirely at one with him in wishing for "more light" on the difficult and complicated subject of Cetacean bionomics. The "spirit of prophecy" has, however, descended upon Mr. Murdoch, and he mentions that certain unnamed whaling captains estimate the number of existing whales at figures which vary from between 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 and 10,000,000 to 12,000,000. He records estimates—a longer word than "guesses"—that there are some million finner whales, and assuming that only one-quarter of these are cows—why one-quarter?—and that they have a calf every two years, 125,000 calves would be born every year. He contrasts this with the fact that only 24,000 whales were taken last year. These figures, to be of any use, ought to state how many of these calves grow up. As a matter of fact, it is very well known that of all the young animals of any genus or species born in a year, comparatively few attain maturity. Then, again, there is no real and satisfying evidence as to the rate of breeding in whales. This may very well be at a slower rate than one in two years, and the time taken to reach maturity, for all we know, may be a very long time. The time of gestation is again a matter for further enquiry; in the humpback whale it is said to be thirteen months. Among the 24,000 whales taken last year, many of them were gravid females, and in spite of what Mr. Murdoch says, it is rare to find more than one embryo—likely to be born—in a pregnant whale. One who also has had great experience of whaling, both in the Northern and Southern Seas, assures us that there is little or no evidence of the existence of millions of *large* whales in the sea. The protective legislation at present suggested deals only with whales which are over 35ft. in length. It is not, indeed, probable that there is an immediate danger of extinction, but there is an imminent danger of scarcity. As the American said, 'When it comes to prophesying I am as good as anyone,' and the writer of this note is just as safe in prophesying *scarcity* as Mr. Burn Murdoch is in prophesying *abundance*. The New Zealand Whaling Company 'shut down' owing to a scarcity of whales off the North Coast of New Zealand, and the Spermaceti Company, working off Tasmania, has been compelled to do the same owing to the shortage of whales, and so has the West Australian Company. Even Mr. Murdoch admits that whales have at times been woefully lessened in numbers; carry this a little further, and extinction is in sight. Whales seem to be now only plentiful in the cold waters of the Polar regions and on the shores of continents where cold marine currents, or waters brought down by rivers, convey the necessary nitrates for the growth of the 'plankton' upon which these great monsters live. Mr. Murdoch adopts the modern attitude. He opposes action and legislation, although the details of legislation are not yet before him. His advice is 'pause and consider.' It is the advice of the leading whaling companies, mostly Norwegian, some of them paying 100 per cent. per annum. In the interest of innumerable manufactories which are dependent on whale-oil, we would gladly 'consider' if the whaling companies would agree to 'pause.' This policy of 'putting off' seems to be invading the whole world. It is the policy of President Wilson in Mexico. It is the policy we hear so much of at the present time embodied in the phrase 'wait and see.' We have no means of judging what international agreement, if any, may be come to; but not to face facts—simply to 'pause and consider'—seems to us the policy of a politician and not that of a statesman.—Ed.]

GERMAN MILITARY RIDING.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—The article in Country Life of March 7th last on German Military Riding will, I think, arouse widespread interest in Great Britain, and especially valuable will it be if it is the means of drawing serious public attention to the undoubted shortage of horses (which is continually increasing) in this country. The German authorities have most certainly gone into the whole question with a thoroughness which bears eloquent testimony to their high state of organisation and also their praiseworthy efforts to make their cavalry the finest in the world. In their sound common-sense training all ranks are included—officers, non-commissioned officers and men—and they seem to take an equal amount of trouble with the horses themselves. Their carefully thought out and organised efforts should be a standing example to all nations of the world. They have realised that their cavalrymen must be not merely good soldiers and good horsemen, but also good horse-masters. No trouble or expense seem to be spared by our German friends in mounting their regiments with the best and most suitable mounts. The policy of buying young horses, *i.e.*, three year olds, and sending them to remount depots for a year is excellent, and might with great advantage be copied in England. The jumping competitions and riding tournaments that are held in many of the largest towns throughout Germany is also a most excellent and wise system; while the very thorough teaching the recruits receive helps the regiments to attain the perfection for which German cavalry is notorious. There can be little, if any, doubt that Germany devotes more time and attention to the actual breaking of army horses, and also to schooling, handling and conditioning them, than any other nation. Horsemanship comes naturally to most Englishmen. We have excellent—in fact, the best material to work upon. What is needed is a little more enthusiasm and organisation. And, lastly, the ever-growing decrease in the available number of suitable horses is surely a very grave national danger (not nearly realised by the

majority of the nation) to the Army and to the safety and welfare of the country.—J. L. Nickisson (Major).

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—To begin at the root of the subject, our cavalry is sadly handicapped by the moderate animals with which it is provided. The whole system of the provision and training of horses for the German Army is carried out in a methodical manner, as is shown in the article in Country Life. What is the system in our Army? Horses are purchased from the "middle-man" as four year olds at prices varying from £25 to £40, at which price they cannot show an adequate return to the breeder. The horses are then sent to depôts till October, when they are distributed to regiments. This is a great advance on the old system, when they were sent in driblets of twos and threes whenever a regiment happened to be below its establishment of horses. Again, our cavalry horses are not now sent out on manœuvres before they reach the age of six years. The English Army and, indeed, the whole industry of light horse breeding, is suffering from the lack of co-operation between the War Office and Board of Agriculture, and it would be well if the Light Horse Breeding Branch of the Board of Agriculture and the Remount Department were amalgamated under the War Office. It is obvious that it is an impossibility to buy four year olds up to 14st. and over for the sum of £40 from dealers, at auctions or "fairs"; yet this is what the War Office is attempting to effect. A cavalry soldier in marching order rides 16st. and over. What is the result? The cavalry is mounted on "misfits," astonishingly good misfits, it must be admitted, and bought by some of the finest judges of horses in England and Ireland; but misfits they are, and often not up to more than 12st. The solution is simple, but the remedy is hampered by lack of funds. Sir Walter Gilbey's scheme appears to be the most practical of many, and, briefly, is as follows: Remounts are to be purchased as three year olds for an average sum of £40 from the breeder direct; they would then be sent to depôts until the age of five, when they would be distributed to regiments. The advantages of this plan are: (1) Encouragement to the breeder by giving him a fair return on his venture; (2) insuring that remounts are matured under the best conditions; (3) the provision of an adequate supply in case of war. Any horses over and above the number required annually would be "boarded out" and earmarked. The War Office is making every preparation for the registration, classification, collection and purchase of horses, and is spending a considerable amount of money to that end, but little is being done to improve the breed of light horses or to encourage the farmer to breed them. So far as the training of the remount is concerned, great strides are being made. British cavalry officers are attached to the French riding establishment at Saumur; these officers in turn become instructors at our cavalry schools in India and Netheravon. The office of riding master is rapidly becoming a thing of the past and squadron leaders are responsible for the training of their own remounts. Show jumping, up to a point, improves the training of man and horse, and though our cavalry are not yet up to the standard of France and Germany in this respect, they are gradually improving, and before many years have elapsed the tables will probably be turned.—Dealtry C. Part (Captain).

FOAL SHEDDING COAT IN LARGE PATCHES.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Your correspondent seems perfectly lucid. There is a condition in sheep known variously to farmers in the hilly, rainy districts as "rain-rot," "rain-schab," etc. It is, in effect, a mild eczema produced upon the skin by persistent rain. The wool is freely shed, and where several animals are affected in a flock, a careful farmer has before now had his mind perturbed with the dread anticipation of that troublesome parasitic disease known as "sheep-scab" (mange). Rapid recovery on resumption of fine weather or removal to cover, a clean skin devoid of scurfy nodules and entire absence of skin-irritation serve to differentiate the condition, and resort to the microscope is unnecessary. When a farm pupil years ago, in a hilly Cumberland district famous for its rainfall, I saw a few similar cases in foals. I cannot help thinking that "L. H.'s" foal typifies one of these cases. I should advise him to house the colt for a time, or, at any rate, transfer the animal to a pasture with a convenient shed or linhay, supply crushed oats and a little linseed-cake once daily, in addition to hay, and I feel sanguine that his mind will be set at rest. There appears to me, from your correspondent's letter, to be no suggestion whatever of parasitic skin disease. The condition described, however, might be aggravated by the presence of intestinal worms.—M.R.C.V.S.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—"L. H.'s" question is not difficult to answer. The coming away of the hair in patches without any signs of mange or ringworm is undoubtedly the result of the colt being below par in condition. There may be internal worms, because although these often show no outward signs, yet they develop rapidly in a horse not quite up to the mark. The condition described is not uncommon in the spring, when, of course, the grass has afforded very little nourishment for some weeks. Moreover, the time of year when horses change their coats (a young mare grazing opposite my window is showing her coat already) is a strain on the constitution. I should give mashes with half a pound to one pound of linseed boiled to a jelly, and get a simple tonic from the veterinary surgeon if necessary. The probability, however, is that a change of diet will put things to rights very quickly. I should have the coat brushed through in case of lice. These things are not the *cause* but the *consequence* of a horse being out of sorts.—X.

DANGER TO OLD HORSES.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Will you permit me to warn your readers of a grave danger to their old horses and the imperative need of seeing those that should be killed dead, or requiring the return, in good time, of a marked hoof? Carriage-horses are worth more for food than cart-horses. A well-bred horse in decent condition is worth a good tip from a dealer who buys and sells for the foreign meat market. The dealers are on the look-out for such horses, and it is certain that some that are "ordered" to be shot at home are sold for the foreign traffic. Where dumb animals are concerned, it is well not to be too trustful. I cannot understand how a man or woman can hand over a horse or any other animal to a servant for slaughter without personal supervision. Week after week beautiful horses and ponies come here (Belgium), plainly used to every care and kindness. I wish the men and women who are responsible for their fate were forced to follow them, just for one week, with me. They might see the horse they had petted limping along till it falls, and is slaughtered in the road—the happiest fate for any horse sent here for meat. They might see it conveyed to the slaughter-house dying, and dragged out of the float by the tail and heels (by cords round the latter) into the slaughter-shed, to be killed there by the pole-axe. They might see it limp twenty-eight miles in the night and reach the distant slaughter-house sweating, dead lame and exhausted. They might see it slaughtered with the mallet and receive six blows before it dies; or, in the country, by a knife driven slowly into its breast while the villagers look on laughing at its death agony. They might see it, at the end of a forty-eight hours' journey by rail, without food or water, fallen and trampled on by the others; or they might see it waiting for death in a slaughter-house stable for days without water or food. All these things are part of the ordinary traffic in old English horses. May I warn whoever would not like to see his horse under such conditions to see it dead when it must be killed, or the hoof he has marked within a fixed and short time? The profits of the traffic are immense, the tips large, and the temptation to a servant great.—A. M. F. Cole.

MILKING RECORDS.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Referring to Mr. Tennant's letter in your issue of February 28th, stating that the milk records of my pedigree Jersey herd are good, certainly I should be pleased to give any details in regard to how these had been obtained if he likes to ask, and also I should be only too pleased to show him over my place so that he can see everything first hand. In regard to the proportion of butter fat per day, I thought better than that would be to show the actual amount of butter produced from a given amount of milk, and for this purpose I take my records from last April to October 5th, when I was producing a considerable amount of butter per day, and I find that 83,743lb. of milk over this period made 4,764lb. of butter, giving an average yield during this period of 4,615·8lb. of butter per cow, and showing an average of 17·6lb. of milk is required to make 1lb. of butter. I know that the quality of the butter was all right by the prizes and commendations I received for it at shows and also by the price I was able to get for it in bulk, one customer taking all I was willing to produce. It would greatly interest me if other people who have Jersey herds would give their records, as I am so anxious to know exactly where I stand. Of all the cows that give this yield, none of them has had more than two calves, so that they are not yet up to their best milk-producing age. In regard to the last question, as to records of cows seven or eight years old, I regret to say I have no records of cows of this age; when I have I will, of course, be pleased to publish these records as well. Everything I do in this direction I shall be pleased to make public for the benefit of anyone to whom it may be of advantage.—S. F. Edge.

MR. HUTCHINSON'S REMINISCENCES.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Mr. Hutchinson's memory has, I fear, played him false. I am almost certain that Mr. Welsh did not play for Cambridge in 1879, as he came up, if my memory serves, at the same time as I did, in October, 1879. But I am absolutely positive that I did not play in that year, and that both Mr. Welsh and myself took part in the match in 1882, the only year in which I played. Mr. Welsh probably also played in 1880. Moreover, Mr. Hutchinson was Mr. Welsh's opponent in 1882, and beat him by four holes. My opponent was, I think, A. O. Mackenzie. There were two brothers Mackenzie playing that year for Oxford, my opponent being the left-handed one. It is curious that Mr. Hutchinson should have forgotten his participation in the 1882 match, in which he bore such an honourable part. But the impression of my first sight of him on that occasion is as fresh to-day as it was thirty-two years ago, and I shall never forget his handsome, lissome figure, his curly brown hair, and the graceful and easy way he swung his club. The match was very close and exciting. We were six aside, and besides Mr. Hutchinson, another Oxford man won his match, beating Mr. Linskill by three holes. One match was halved, while Mr. Casson and myself took between us eight holes from the brothers Mackenzie, giving a balance in our favour of one hole. The last couple were all square coming to the last hole, and finally the Oxford man had a putt of about three feet to win his match and make a tie of the whole match. This putt he only sent half-way, and so we won by one hole.—Ernest Lehmann.

UNIVERSITY SPORTS.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—With reference to the forthcoming University Sports, to be held on the 27th inst., I venture to suggest that an improvement would be effected if three more events were added to the programme, these being the 220yds. sprint, 220yds. low hurdles and pole jump. It is generally acknowledged that there is a regrettable lack of interest towards this particular University fixture, and the excuse urged for this apathy is that the sports are tedious for the spectators, since the weight and hammer are boring to watch, and even the high and long jump are tiresome. However, everyone is interested in watching the races, and the 220yds. sprint is a prettier and more exciting race to watch than the 100yds., and second only to the quarter-mile in its call for dash and powers of finishing. In England nearly every athlete who excels in the sprint goes in also for the quarter-mile. This is hardly ever the case in America, where there is the 220yds. Again, many men who are excellent in the 100yds. lack the stamina and strength necessary for the quarter-mile, and *per contra* a man whose real distance is the quarter-mile may lack the necessary sprinting powers essential for the 100yds., but may possess sufficient endurance for the half-mile. As a general rule in America men excel, say, in the sprints (so called), namely, the 100yds. and 220yds., whereas the quarter-milers, if they participate in any other event, elect the half-mile for the most part, sometimes perhaps the 220yds., but

certainly never the 100yds. With regard to the low hurdle race of 220yds., it is a very pretty race, and often furnishes the most exciting and thrilling event on the card, and if it has any defects, it certainly cannot be accused of being tedious to watch. The pole jump (or pole vault as it is called in America) is oftentimes (one might say invariably) more interesting than the high jump. It requires a lot of skill and science, and it would, I venture to think, add considerably to the interest of the sports. Frequently at Oxford I urged the inclusion of these three events, and although I heard several reasons for not extending the programme, I never could discover any very convincing argument in favour of limiting the events to ten, as it is at present, any more than the reason why the sports are held in March, often the most treacherous month of the year, instead of in the summer.—EPSILON.

"SOMERSET."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Freeman, I think, used to insist upon the error of using "Somersetshire" in place of the "County of Somerset." He spoke of ancient Mercia being divided up into shires, and to this day the middle of England is called "the Shires." I expect that the convenience of denominating a county by adding "shire" has caused the common term, "Somersetshire," "Lancashire," "Devonshire." Of course, it is quite possible to speak of "Somerset" simply, but in the case of the County of Lancaster, if "Lancaster" were used alone for the county it would be confused with the town. Somerset was the land of the Somersetæ according to some, or "Summerland" according to others, but I do not know of any historical cutting of it, out of Wessex Kingdom, in the same way that Leicestershire, etc., were "shired" out of Mercia Kingdom.—RICHARD R. MEADE-KING.

THE THAMES AND SEVERN CANAL TUNNEL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This tunnel, which is about two and a half miles in length, was opened in 1792, and at that time was considered a great triumph of engineering skill. The accompanying photograph shows the Severn end of it, which is just below Sapperton Village, and from here the canal is carried through the tunnel and so connected with the Thames at Lechlade. From Lechlade to Stroud the canal covers a distance of over thirty miles; at this point it



THE SEVERN END OF THE CANAL TUNNEL.

joins the Stroudwater Canal, and is in this way connected with the Severn at Framilode, eight miles below. At one time there was a great deal of traffic on it, but the Great Western Railway (which was opened about 1840) diverted most of this, and eventually the canal became so little used that the tunnel got into a very bad state, and traffic through it was stopped. In the olden days the boatmen used to push their boats through it in a somewhat novel and amusing manner. Lying on the planks which extended the whole length of the boats, they placed their feet against the roof of the tunnel, and by walking, as it were, against the roof, they were able to propel themselves along in this way. One woman boat-owner, who possessed very masculine proportions, was quite an adept at "roof-walking," and it was her proud boast that she could "do the tunnel" as quickly, and oftentimes quicker than her male companions. Some minor repairs were in progress at the time this photograph was taken, as will be seen by the workman's plank at the mouth of the tunnel, and there has been some thought of thoroughly repairing it with the intention of endeavouring to bring the canal again into competition with the railway.—A. F. S.



AMONG THE HEATHER: A STRANGE PLACE FOR GULLS' NESTS.

COTTAGES MADE OF MUD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At Naseby, in Northants, are some of the cosiest old cottages in the kingdom. The roofs are thatched, while the walls, some two feet thick,



MUD COTTAGES AT NASEBY.

are composed of solid mud. In winter they are warm, in the hottest of summers delightfully cool. Until about 1850 Naseby consisted almost entirely of mud buildings. They are not built now, although garden and field walls of mud are still occasionally erected. To quote from a highly interesting and informing letter I recently received from the Vicar of Naseby: "The method of procedure is similar to that used in Nigeria for mud huts. The workman puts the mud (mixed with straw) on in layers—say about six inches or so thick—and then, standing on the top of each layer as he builds the wall, beats it firm with a sort of fork, walking backwards along the top of the layer as he beats it. Each layer is left for some hours—maybe a day—to harden before the next layer is put on. One hundred or two hundred years ago a labourer would often build a mud cottage for himself before he got married, doing it more or less in his spare time. Unfortunately, there are only one or two old men now who can do this mud wall building. Of course such houses can only be built where you have the right sort of tenacious mud, which at Naseby is from the Inferior Oolite formation. The walls stand better if rough dressed on the outside with small gravel and mortar, but this is not necessary; there are numerous stable and garden walls not dressed at all."—J. B. TWYCROSS.

RATTING FOXES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As instances of the use of foxes as "ratters" are very rare, it may be as well to place on record an instance of their employment to-day. The well known Derbyshire ratcatcher, Mr. John Guant, who lives at Bull Bridge, Ambergate, Crick, uses several foxes for this purpose. He has trained them up from cubs to work with ferrets, and declares that they are superior to the best of fox-terriers for the work. He has not had any difficulty in training the foxes; in fact, they appear to the manner born for such work. It is said that Mr. Guant is the only ratcatcher in the kingdom who uses foxes for ratting instead of dogs, and the foxes are very keen. I might add that Mr. Guant shot, a short time ago, a rabbit which had six legs, the two extra ones being attached just below the animal's neck.—T. R.

UNUSUAL NESTING SITE OF COMMON GULL.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph showing the unusual nesting site of the common gull (Larus canus) in the Outer Hebrides. The birds were breeding on an island in a fresh-water loch, among heather two or three feet high, in company with some black-headed gulls. As this species almost invariably builds on rocky coasts, I thought perhaps this departure from its usual habits might be of interest to your readers.—MAUD D. HAVILAND.

THE ROUND HOUSE: BEAMSLEY HOSPITAL.

[To the Editor.]

Sir,—Beamsley Hospital is a curious group of buildings on the high road from Harrogate to Bolton Bridge. The following is the inscription over the gateway: "This almshouse was founded by that excellent lady Margaret Russell, Countess of Cumberland, wife of George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland 1593, and was more perfectly finished by her only child the Lady Anne Clifford, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, Dorset and Montgomery. God's name be praised." There are seven houses with their backs to the road, behind a high wall, which is pierced by a barndoor-like archway. Through this archway one sees the "Round House" at the top of a sunk wall, and through an avenue of trees. From the door of the Round House one looks into a little top-lighted chapel through a lobby. There is a black pulpit, flat and high against the opposite wall, and three black pews, which leave a small circular space not larger than a common cell. This chapel is only twelve feet in diameter, and radiating round it are six small rooms occupied by six old woman pensioners. The doorways to the rooms are between the pews and on each side of the pulpit.—S. Ambler.



WHERE THE SIX OLD WOMEN DWELL.

[Almshouses confined to old women and of a semi-conventual description are not so common in England as those given over to old men. Possibly because it was more usual to support bedesmen to say masses. To see the development of this form of charity for women to its greatest extent it is necessary to go to Belgium, where many Beguinages still survive, notably the one at Bruges, which contains several fine pictures by the lesser Flemish masters.—Ed.]

A WHITE BLACKBIRD.

[To the Editor.]

Sir,—For the last two or three seasons my lawn and the adjoining kitchen garden and orchard have been frequented by a white-headed blackbird, and I was pleased to hear that he had been seen on the lawn again thismorning. Whitehead, as we call him, is quite black except his head and neck, which are pure white with the exception of two or three flecks of black on one side of the head. The contrast with his black coat gives him a very remarkable appearance. The orchard which bounds the garden, has very thick quickset hedges overrun with blackberry bushes, in which Whitehead probably finds both a summer and winter home. We think he nests there, but it would take a clever bird's-nester to find a nest in these thickets. The house is very quiet, standing alone some distance from the farm cottages, and as a consequence we have swarms of various birds (including even green woodpeckers) nesting in the orchard. Notably, last season, a cuckoo deposited an egg in a grey wagtail's nest built in the Virginia creeper which covers the front of the house. We knew of the nest, which was just above the porch, and the cuckoo was duly hatched and the wagtail babies turned out; but after a few days it was discovered to have been killed and partly eaten in the nest, it was thought by a stoat, as a cat would have taken it away bodily. Two or three years ago we had a pet chaffinch which had grown tame, finding scraps thrown out at the back of the house. He became so bold at length that he would come to the dining-room window, which looks out over a narrow lawn, and absolutely shriek at us to be fed if we did not attend to his first summons. He also brought his little wife, but she was always rather shy, and last summer they had disappeared, having probably fallen a prey to some marauding cat.—Mary L. Stevenson.

STUCCO DURO.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—I see that in last week's "Answers to Correspondents" you gave the



WILD DUCK IN STUCCO-DURO.

ceiling of the offices of the New River Company as a fine example of stucco duro. Your readers may be interested in the enclosed photographs, which show one corner of the ceiling and (to a larger scale) one of the many little panels. All of them are illustrative of river life, and the example sent represents one wild duck flying down into the water and others sitting on the bank preening their feathers.—F. S. A.



PART OF CEILING AT NEW RIVER COMPANY'S OFFICES

PIGS THAT PAY.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Hugh Aronson, writing on the above matter, gives most interesting details, but none of them surprise me, as my own experience of pigs is that they are the most profitable things on the farm at the present time. If only the Government would be more strict in regard to the proper sanitary conditions under which pigs should be kept, I think swine fever and other diseases of this sort would soon disappear in this country, but still, when one is keeping many hundreds of pigs the danger of swine fever being introduced from outside is, of course, ever present. I find I am able to insure against this through Lloyds, and this has given me courage to go right ahead developing my pig production rapidly, and I hope within two years to be producing and selling about two or three thousand pigs per year. Costs and everything pertaining to same I shall in due course make public, as I am satisfied that much more food can be produced in this country on every acre of ground than is at present being done, and pigs and chickens are the things that fit well into a dairy farm and enable one to use up odd pieces of ground that are not being usefully employed otherwise.—S. F. Edge.